THE EASTER NUMBER

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Cream of Wheat

A little green spear like a blade of grass,
Came up thro' the dark brown mould,
And wondered why it had come at all,
If the world was so windy and cold.

But the wind blew strong,
And the blade grew long,
And throve in stress of weather,
And found a lot of other blades all growing
big together.

The first little blade asked the other blades,
Whatever they meant to be—
When quite grown up and able to choose,
Grain or grass or tree?

So all the Spring they thought and thought,
Until one fine warm day,
They looked at each other and found their heads
With much hard thinking had filled and swelled
With fine gray matter that men call meat,
And they all had grown into

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The Strength and Needs of Civil Service Reform

By Grover Cleveland

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THE recognition by legal enactment of the principles of Civil Service Reform, and their application to employment in the public service, resulted from the labor and zealous efforts of a comparatively small body of unselfish and patriotic citizens, who saw in the steady growth of the system of political spoils a menace to the best interests of the Republic. The power of appointment to place, under the General Government, had come to be freely used for the purpose of aiding the political ventures of individuals, and had become a means for the distribution of prizes for partisan work; and by an easy movement, quite in accord with the way of human nature and the expanding needs of partisanship, this situation was a direct encouragement of the notion that Government offices and positions, little as well as great, were entitled to first rank among the objects of party struggles—to be fought for on the political field and afterward parceled out among the victors. In logical sequence, the requirement of competency as a qualification for appointment to public place was fast giving way to an inquiry concerning the amount and kinds of partisan work which applicants had done or were capable of doing. Local party bosses, by their successful influence in behalf of these applicants, were constantly increasing their strength and extending their encroachments upon the political freedom of their neighbors—while in turn every addition to their power threatened the perversion of the good intentions of high public officials, whose political fortunes were not beyond the reach of their pernicious pressure.

Benefits that Come from Civil Service

Against all this the advocates of Civil Service Reform made vigorous warfare. They insisted that subordinate positions in the Government service should be filled without reference to partisan advantage, but by fair and impartial selection from applicants whose merit and competency had been tested by suitable examination. They rightly believed that the inauguration of such a system would give to the Government a better class of employees and economize public expenditure; that it would infuse into political contests more of principle and purge them of the brutal struggles for spoils; that it would remove from voters the corrupting temptation of place-holding as a reward of questionable partisan service; that it would destroy, or at least greatly diminish, the growth and opportunity of party bosses of high and low degree; that it would open the way to public employment, without unjust favoritism or discrimination, to all whose merit and competency entitled them to consideration, and that, by elevating party purposes, it would encourage genuine and clean political interest and activity on the part of a larger proportion of our thoughtful citizens.

The passage by Congress of the law of 1883, which gave legislative sanction to the merit system, can hardly be regarded as a consequence of Congressional yearning for Civil Service Reform. It was rather a concession to a sentiment among our people which had spread and gained adherents until it had grown to be troublesome to political leaders, and until it could no longer be ignored by those who were still disinclined to surrender the more convenient system which supplied, through the judicious distribution of spoils, ready help to individual political preferment. It is not surprising, therefore, that, notwithstanding the act of Congress giving the reform legal recognition, it has not always found Congressional care best calculated to insure its health and growth. It is fortunate, however, that this reform has already gained so strong a hold upon the favor of our people as to discourage a direct attack upon its life.

The execution of the Civil Service Law and the specification of the Government employees to be included in its operation rest substantially with the President. This is especially fortunate; for never since the enactment of this statute has there been a President who has failed to recognize the fact that in its faithful administration he not only discharges a sworn duty, but protects himself and those associated with him in executive labor against the vexatious and exhausting importunities of applicants for public employment. Thus the obligation of public duty and motives of self-preservation combine to make the President a willing administrator of the law and a friend of the merit system. In fact, it may be here said in justification of this reform, that all prominent Government officials, charged with executive responsibility, have become more and more convinced of its value and usefulness, as they have increased their familiarity with its operation. This is not altogether owing to a modification of partisanship which usually follows the assumption of important public functions. It is much more the result of a conviction, based upon experience, that the merit system is, in and of itself, an important aid to the best discharge of official obligations.

One of many illustrative incidents may be profitably related in connection with this statement. A number of years ago, under a Democratic Administration, a young man who had successfully passed the required examination, and whose name stood on the Civil Service eligible list, was, in strict accordance with existing rules, appointed to a Government position, involving the discharge of quite confidential duty, under the immediate supervision and control of an official who, though a strong partisan and naturally disinclined to Civil Service Reform, was especially conscientious and faithful in the performance of the work of his bureau. His new appointee was found to be so competent and altogether so satisfactory, that when he was after a time transferred to the clerical force at the Executive Mansion, the regret and dissatisfaction of his superior officer were honestly and frankly expressed. In both positions the party affiliations of this employee were unknown; but his ability and loyalty to duty were beyond question. He has remained at the Executive Mansion since his transfer, and now holds the position of Secretary to the President—an office scarcely less honorable, and in some respects fully as important, as a place in the Cabinet.

A reform that can so commend itself by actual test and experience should be in no danger of destruction; nor ought its progress to be seriously impeded by open attack, by discouraging suggestions of its impracticability, or by criticism of its methods. An especial factor in the strength of the merit system seems to be a sort of reserved power of adjusting itself to every enlargement of its field of action, and to every new demand. Even its sincere friends must confess that they have not always been free from anxious doubts concerning its application to certain new and untried conditions; and yet in every case actual test has shown their doubts and fears to be without foundation. It can be truly said that Civil Service Reform has vindicated every extension of its operation, and has fully demonstrated that with honest and fair treatment it will justify the high hopes and expectations of its most confident advocates.

The importance of the results already reached can hardly be overestimated. A law unrepealable except through an unimaginable retrogression in popular moral sentiment, sustains and protects the reform. Its adherents and active defenders have tremendously increased; and it has been abundantly demonstrated that converts to its support can be easily made among those who, though interested in political affairs, honestly desire the rectification of political standards and the purification of party methods.

Enemies of the Merit System

On the other hand, we can hardly hope that the value and beneficence of Civil Service Reform will ever be universally admitted. The voice of the courageous spoilsman will probably always be heard in denunciation of a scheme intended to restrain those who fight in the party trenches from enjoying the loot of party victory—though these incorrigible enemies have been so diligently and effectively dealt with, that it may almost be said that vituperation is their only remaining argument.

The present encouraging situation, however, ought not to conceal from the friends of the merit system the necessity of other labor, having for its objects not altogether the gaining of recruits from those already favorably inclined, nor the overthrow of those irredeemably in antagonism. There are others who must be reckoned with if Civil Service Reform is to be made self-supporting—in the sense of being so generally accepted and approved by our people as no longer to need the constant watchfulness of special guardianship to save it from harm. Between those exhibiting friendship in different degrees, and the outspoken spoilsmen, there is a large contingent of citizens who are not actively friendly but who are yet far from the camp of the enemy. They are in a condition of doubt, but are not necessarily bad citizens. Some of them fail to see why competency and merit cannot in some way be secured, and at the same time the rewards of officeholding be decently enjoyed by those who have labored in the cause of the party in power. Others fear that the operation of the merit system will result in the establishment of life

tenure in public positions to the exclusion of meritorious applicants; and others believe that the examinations prescribed under the system are much too scholastic and absurdly exacting.

It is neither safe nor right to count these honest doubters with the insatiate spoilsmen. It is neither wise to neglect them nor just to condemn them. Their doubts are based upon ideas which are the outgrowth of long-continued political practices; and in support of their disinclination to accept the theories of Civil Service Reform they are able to marshal reasons that at least deserve an answer. This answer should be given and oft repeated. It should be given directly to those who require it, and in terms so plain and simple that they cannot be misunderstood. As a beginning, a concession should be made, by the elimination from the examinations for admission to the eligible lists, of all that perplexes and irritates without any apparent justification, and without serving any good purpose. These examinations can be made abundantly sufficient without extending them to topics so irrelevant and impracticable as to repel applicants and invite ridicule. Those who fear the creation of a class of subordinate office-holders with life tenures should be disarmed by a demonstration that no such result is intended under the law; that it provides merely that entrance to the public service shall be based upon ascertained fitness; and that retention is only secured upon the just and fair grounds of continued fitness and faithful work.

The Most Important Work to Do

The most important labor yet to be performed in behalf of Civil Service Reform remains to be mentioned. It consists in a constant attempt to gain the support of those who are willing to concede that positions in Government employ should not be given to the incompetent and unworthy, but who are loth to abandon the notion that party service should count something in an applicant's favor. Many of these are young men who are active and efficient in political service; some of them, of unquestioned merit and capacity, would be glad to do work under the Government; and no more valuable allies can be won in support of the merit system.

This contingent should not be kept at arm's length and obliged to gain all their ideas of the advantages of Civil Service Reform from distant and indistinct praise of its sentimental excellences. They should rather be approached with the assurance that there is a practical side to the question, which is of interest to them; and they should be invited to its examination in a spirit of friendly counsel, and without unnecessarily or offensively antagonizing their prejudices or their ideas of self-interest. Their intelligence can be relied on to bring them to an appreciation of the fairness and justice of the reform when they are persuasively presented to them; and their American love of fair play will be stimulated to the approval of a plan by which the advantages of place-holding are justly equalized. The practical suggestion should be made that the eligible list is constantly open to the members of all parties; and that no one should be slow to see that, considering the frequent changes in party control of the Government, resulting under the spoils system in wholesale removals of public employees with each change, such a system may profitably be superseded by one which saves to a defeated party those of its members who are already in place, and secures to those not in place an equal opportunity to fill vacancies as they occur. A fair consideration of these conditions and suggestions by those who without selfish and individual motive have adhered to the notion that the members of a successful party should have the exclusive privilege of filling Government positions, ought to lead to a modification of their views; for, if they will take account of the vicissitudes of political warfare and the inevitable decapitation, under the spoils system, of place-holders attached to the defeated party, and set them against the number of incumbents who under Civil Service requirements are permitted to remain after defeat, adding the time of their past and future incumbency, it is likely that the balance of office-holding party advantage will be found against Civil Service Reform.

This course of reasoning, however, will hardly satisfy those whose expressed anxiety for party advantage covers a grievance they harbor against the merit system as constituting an obstacle to their individual success in obtaining public employment. They dwell upon the ease with which party workers are inclined to gain rewards when local party managers furnish their certificates of fitness; and they lament the day when prizes for partisan activity were abolished. But these malcontents have not so strong a case, even from their own standpoint, as they suppose. It has been said of appointments under the spoils system that a selection from ten applicants on the score of partisan service develops nine disappointed who become enemies and one successful ingrate. No one who has assumed to be influential in securing places for his personal followers on political grounds has ever been able to meet the expectations of all who relied upon his intercession for public employment; and it has often been freely charged that distinct promises of aid and influence have not always been kept. If this class of objectors would strive to make themselves competent to do the work required of them in the public positions they covet, instead of making noisy and fictitious demonstrations of partisan deserving, they would find the Civil Service eligible lists a better reliance for gaining their ends than the promise of any party manager. In any event, and despite all objection and lamentation, the day is past when partisan service can open the door of public employment to unfitness and incompetency.

The labor of the pioneers in the cause of Civil Service Reform has been nobly performed; and its present assured strength and safety attest the value of their patriotic work. But if its usefulness is to be further increased, and if it is to be more firmly imbedded in the respect and attachment of the masses of our people, its virtues and its beneficence must be made clear to all who doubt and all who oppose.

PHOTO. BY E. B. CURTIS, MADISON, WIS.

General Charles King

The Men in Command of Our Fighting Force

By General Charles King

FACTS AND FIGURES OF THE ARMY REORGANIZATION

CERTAIN Western journals are descanting with obvious glee upon the fact that as the Army of the United States is reorganized and enlarged to meet the requirements of to-day, its general officers are chosen, as a rule, from the men who rose from the ranks or volunteers. "It is the final triumph," they say, "of the school of experience over that of West Point." Some few of the papers thus "chortling in their joy" know better, but others really believe what they say.

The explanation is simple. When the Army was reorganized and increased the year after the greatest war of modern history—that between the Union and the Confederacy of States—only two of all the general officers awarded commissions in the regulars were not West Pointers. During that war, however, many officers were appointed from the ranks, and at its close many more—general, field and company officers—from the volunteers. In the course of thirty-five years these men, faithful and deserving soldiers all, have gradually risen to the highest grade, and are now deservedly in turn receiving their stars and soon will surely pass the inevitable gate that Time and the Law have set for all soldiers; and ten years hence there will be only one or two generalships not filled by West Pointers.

Men at the Top After the Great War

The Army Register of 1867—the first published after the reorganization of that day—is a field for study now. At the head of the list, General-in-Chief, is the name of the great silent soldier who in '61 vainly tendered his sword to the War Department and sadly waited two long days in McClellan's anteroom at Cincinnati, begging an audience that was never accorded. Neither the wisdom of the Adjutant-General's Department nor that of the great organizer saw anything worthy of consideration in the appeal of a resigned captain, despite his West Point diploma and his fine fighting record in Mexico. Illinois gave him the start, merit did the rest, and in spite of everything Grant forged to the front. Second on the roll, Lieutenant-General, was Sherman, who, with influence to begin with, in '61 had skill to send him on. Then came the Major-Generals—"Old Brains" Halleck, Meade, the loyal head of the Army of the Potomac, Sheridan (whose own State had no place for him among its volunteers and who got his start from Michigan), Thomas, the Rock of Chickamauga, and Hancock, "the superb"—all West Pointers. So, too, were the Brigadiers, save only Terry, the Connecticut soldier-lawyer who won fame at Fort Fisher, and his Kentucky fellow-fighter, Rousseau, awarded the fag-end of the list when Rosecrans resigned in the spring of '67. Even the Brigadiers had commanded independent armies, or at least *corps d'armée*, during the great war—Rousseau and the veteran dragoon St. George Cooke alone excepted. In the order of regular rank they were McDowell, Cooke, Pope, Hooker, Schofield, Howard, Terry, Ord, Canby and Rousseau.

So there you have the seventeen generals of the line as determined by the war beside which the recent flurry was but an affair of outposts, and all but two—West Pointers!

Generals Who Had to Take Lower Rank

But what had become of other famous names of that great conflict—of the generals who survived the fierce battling of the four years and had been conspicuous on a score of fields? Of the Eastern armies, Warren, Humphreys, Wright, Newton, Gilmore, Parke and Weitzel, all West Pointers and corps commanders, had gone back to their duties in the engineers. Of the Western armies, Logan, the Black Eagle, had gone to Congress, Palmer into politics, Rosecrans had just resigned with flattering prospects in civil life. Slocum had declined a colonelcy, and here it was that Congress in its wisdom saw fit to provide means of reward for the distinguished leaders of volunteers that in the reorganization of to-day it has neglected entirely.

In 1867 the President was empowered to nominate the successful generals to field rank, that is, to colonelcies, lieutenant-colonelcies or majorities in the line of the army. Now, in 1901, he can do nothing of the kind. He has either to appoint them generals outright or leave them captains—or nothing. This in a measure explains the tremendous jump, over the heads of hundreds of brother officers, of two most gallant and distinguished appointees to brigadier-generalships. Congress has given the President no middle course.

In 1867 the great cavalry leaders became colonels of the new army: A. J. Smith, Edward Hatch, Stoneman, Stanley, Grierson and Irvine Gregg, while young captains like Merritt, Custer and Upton, all major-generals of volunteers, were given the silver leaves of lieutenant-colonels.

The Chief of Artillery of the Army of the Potomac, veteran though he was, had to be content with his lieutenant-colonelcy, and it was one of the sad issues of long, neglected service that such men as Hunt and Getty, generals of the war days, should finally have to retire, long years after, with no higher rank than that of colonel.

Famous division commanders and even corps commanders who had won the double stars, doffed them in '66 for the eagles of the new colonelcies: Crittenden, Davis, Getty, Gibbon, Granger, Griffin, Hazen, McKenzie, Mower, Reynolds, J. J., Robinson, Pennypacker, Pitcher, Sickles and Steele; while one of the hardest fighters and foremost corps commanders of the early days of the war, though often in hard luck—McCook—had to take a lieutenant-colonelcy, as did a number of captains in the regulars who were generals of volunteers: Ames, Ayres, Carroll, Crook, Grover, Kautz, McIntosh, Wheaton, Webb and Wilson; while stalwart fighters at the head of divisions, like Force, Hartranft and R. B. Potter, declined even colonelcies. Alfred Pleasonton, Howe, Ricketts, Brannan and certain others, including Corse and some out-and-out volunteers like him, refused lieutenant-colonelcies. There was nowhere near so much room then as now, and there were many more claimants.

And so to-day, as the volunteers go out and the regulars in double force take their places, there is no way of rewarding the many admirable soldiers who are commissioned colonels and lieutenant-colonels of volunteers. They must be content after distinguished service, sometimes most arduous, to fall back to their captaincies. Luther Hare, who brilliantly won the stars of a brigadier; Birkhimer—a grand fighter he!—Dorst, Goodwin, Kennon, Pettit and Schuyler, finest of soldiers and colonels, return to their rank in the regulars; while lieutenant-colonels like Beacon, Crane, Ducat (twice thought to be killed), Edwards (Lawton's right-hand man), Howze, Sargent, Wilder and others must be content with the honors they won. As for fine fellows, volunteers out and out, who have no regular rank to fall back on, yet commanded regiments, as did Cheatham, Funston and Luhn, what is to be done for them remains to be seen. Congress says a first lieutenancy or nothing.

The Rise of Our Present Leaders

There are famous fighters now at the top of the list, and all except Hall, Bell and Fred Grant hail from the ranks or from the volunteers. It is interesting to note where they stood at the close of the War of the Rebellion. Miles stepped down from the command of a division to that of a regiment awarded him for heroism and leadership throughout the war. Brooke and Otis were lieutenant-colonels of infantry, Young only a captain of cavalry, MacArthur a captain of infantry, and Chaffee, who had never quit the regulars from the moment of his enlistment and had fought his way up from the ranks, was a first lieutenant in the Sixth Cavalry in 1867. Of the present brigadiers Wade had been made major of cavalry, Merriam of infantry, Ludlow was a captain of engineers, Bates, Hall, Randall, Wheaton, Schwan, Hughes and Davis were captains of infantry, Sumner of cavalry, Kobbé only a lieutenant of infantry, Fred Grant simply a cadet; and as for Bell and Wood they were but children-in-arms.

Rarefied Humor of the Rockies

HIGH up on the Laramie Range there is a little station called Sherman—a mere watering-place for trains on the Union Pacific Railway. Near by it is a gigantic pyramid of stone, sixty feet high and sixty feet square at the base, which was set up by the railway as a monument to Oakes Ames and Oliver Ames.

In the later eighties there arrived at Sherman a shabby person of melancholy aspect, who put up a "shack"—Western for shanty—not far from the monument. Ostensibly, he was prospecting, and he continued to prospect for three years without accomplishing any results, so far as could be observed. At the end of that period the management of the Union Pacific received from him a communication demanding the immediate removal of the monument from the premises, which he claimed as his under the Homestead Law.

The matter was regarded in a humorous light at first, but subsequent proceedings developed the fact that the squatter had what lawyers call a "case."

The stranger, it seems, had located on a section of land which did not belong to the Union Pacific—the same section on which the monument had, by an inadvertence, been placed. He knew very well what he was about, and the upshot of the affair was that the railway had to pay $5000 for the squatter's tract, in order to make its title good.

The monument, by the way, is distant only about one hundred yards from the station, and it is a favorite trick of experienced persons to induce green travelers to attempt a run to the pyramid and back during the two minutes of the trains' wait. In nine cases out of ten they fall on the way back, bleeding at the nose, the air being so rarefied at that elevation of 8300 feet as to forbid such exercise.

The Man in the City Pulpit

By Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D.

AMONG pastors whose lines are fallen to them in the country there is rather generally an itching to be called to an urban parish. Nine out of ten of such would probably regard an invitation to such a field as being of itself a call from the Lord. It is astonishing how confident we are that an opened door is an invitation from the Lord when it is a door that we have been watching to see opened, and a door through which we are anxious to step in.

Divine Providence is a good deal of it only a name we give to the habit of counterfeiting the Lord's indorsement to an ambition of our own cherishing and a scheme of our own incubating. To country clergymen anxious to be transferred to the city there might be addressed the words that Jesus spoke to the sons of Zebedee, "Ye know not what ye ask."

Especially is it to be urged upon clerical novitiates to do their incipient work in as small a place as they can find. Every beginner is bound to do a good deal of work that is foolish, and the narrower and the more retired the stage in which he does his initial experimenting the less ruinous it will be to the cause that he aspires to promote.

While all of that is true, it is undoubtedly the case that ministerial work done in the city counts for more than the same quality of work done in the country. Cities are the ganglionic centres of civilization. The pulse of the world beats in the big towns. Even St. Paul preached, as a rule, in the big centres because it put him face to face with great problems and gave him an exceptionally firm grip on the times.

Why so Much Preaching Seems Dull

The intensity of life at urban centres operates to disclose human character in its interior fibre, and in that way works as a tremendous incentive to a sincere preacher. It is always dull work to preach and duller work to listen, when the pulpit addresses itself to an idea rather than to a condition, and is the advocate of a theology rather than an invocation to human heart and life. Now the whole effect of the tension of a large town is to uncover men's interior moral condition and mechanism, and to make the preacher almost fiercely conscious of the human material he has to deal with.

The revelation that humanity in this way makes of itself would always have the effect, I should suppose, of giving point and directness to the efforts which the preacher puts forth. Where human nature makes such undisguised displays both of its excellence and its depravity the preacher cannot but realize clearly what the work is he has to do, and the means by which he is to do it.

It is therefore easier for a clergyman to be at his best in the city than in the country. The stimulus of the situation combines with the stimulus of his own Christian devotement. But the urgency by which he is thus impelled will generally make him impatient of those details of service with which the pastor of a large city church is so often encumbered and embarrassed. I am speaking from the abundance of my own pleasant experience in this matter when I say that there are a great many "things" incident to the maintenance of a church, from responsibility for which the pastor ought to be relieved, not only in justice to himself but in justice to all the vast interests involved. A man whose thought is split up into a multiplicity of details can be neither a good preacher nor a good pastor.

Some ministers have to mix themselves in all the small minutiæ of church administration and some like to do so; but whether it be from necessity or from choice the distraction thus induced is fatal to best pastoral results. It is as true now as in the days when the early disciples took steps to mature their church organization that "it is not reason that we should leave the word of God, and serve tables."

The Church Greater than the Pastor

What has just been said leads directly on to the statement that the efficiency of a large city church is often impaired by having its activities in such a way organized as to give undue prominence to its pastor. This is a criticism more applicable, I think, to my own denomination (Presbyterian) than to certain others. It is possible for the life of a church to be so centred in its preacher and pastor as to make him denote more, practically, than the church itself to what he has been appointed to minister. All of this involves a kind of man-worship that is liable to affect disastrously the minister and is almost certain to issue in the enfeeblement of the church.

It is always a bad symptom when a church is popularly designated by the name of its minister. With such a condition too much is made contingent upon the life and health of one man and too little upon the associate life of the organization. Whatever may be the numerical membership of a church or its wealth or social prestige, it cannot be called a strong church when either its constituency or its activity is dependent upon the continuance with it of any one man as its pastor, however qualified by nature, by culture or by grace.

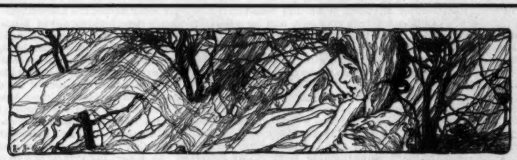
A clergyman working in a large town is almost certain to discover that he is in a way looked upon as common property. What he knows distinctively as his parish bears but a small proportion to the field which, reasonably or unreasonably, he will be expected to occupy. He is presumed to have a heart for everybody's woes, to be a solvent for everybody's problems, to be a treasury for everybody's necessities and a general bureau of information, covering all questions from Christian Science to higher criticism and from daily occupation to matrimony and divorce. He is also supposed to be able to speak with equal fecundity and effect on any occasion that may offer and upon any theme that the occasion may suggest, and to be so charged with versatile stores of fancy, epigram and nonsense as to require for the emergency only the easy turning of the spigot.

The Pastor's Proper Jurisdiction

There will be that in the case also that will bring the city clergyman into touch and perhaps into conflict with the general social and political situation with which he finds himself surrounded. In a way this will be equally true of the country clergyman, with this difference, however, that, as already indicated, history makes itself more rapidly in the city, and the forces which combine to compose history exhibit themselves there with more clear and startling distinctness.

Under these circumstances the preacher in feeling that he is a preacher of righteousness will be less easily able than his rustic brother to forget that what is of prime concern is not righteousness in the abstract but righteousness in the concrete. When, too, he pronounces his vituperation against sin he will be so conscious of the glaring disclosures that sin is making close by that he will be less profoundly interested in the sins that are bygone and in the sinners that are a back number. This will make him an "up-to-date" preacher and tend to convert him from an archæologist into a prophet.

It will be on his part not the enlargement of his sphere, but the inclusion in his sphere of what belongs there, but has been dropped out by the apathy of the clergy and at the instigation of that element among the laity that is willing to have the pulpit preach the doctrine that the individual life belongs to God, but that the general life belongs to the devil, the politicians and the party.



APRIL WEATHER

By Bliss Carman

SOON, ah, soon the April weather
With the sunshine at the door,
And the mellow melting rain-wind
Sweeping from the South once more;

Soon the rosy maples budding,
And the willows putting forth,
Misty crimson and soft yellow
In the valleys of the North;

Soon the hazy purple distance,
Where the cabined heart takes wing,
Eager for the old migration
In the magic of the spring;

Soon, ah, soon the budding windflowers
Through the forest white and frail,
And the odorous wild cherry
Gleaming in her ghostly veil;

Soon about the waking uplands
The hepaticas in blue—
Children of the first warm sunlight
In their sober Quaker hue—

All our shining little sisters
Of the forest and the field,
Lifting up their quiet faces
With the secret half revealed;

Soon across the folding twilight
Of the round earth hushed to hear,
The first robin at his vespers
Calling far, serene and clear;

Soon the waking and the summons,
Starting sap in bole and blade,
And the bubbling, marshy whisper
Seeping up through bog and glade;

Soon the frogs in silver chorus
Through the night, from marsh and swale,
Blowing in their tiny oboes
All the joy that shall not fail—

Passing up the old earth rapture
By a thousand streams and rills,
From the red Virginian valleys
To the blue Canadian hills;

Soon, ah, soon the splendid impulse,
Nomad longing, vagrant whim,
When a man's false angels vanish
And the truth comes back to him;

Soon the majesty, the vision,
And the old unfaltering dream,
Faith to follow, strength to stablish,
Will to venture and to seem;

All the radiance, the glamour,
The expectancy and poise,
Of this ancient life renewing
Its temerities and joys;

Soon the immemorial magic
Of the young Aprilian moon,
And the wonder of thy friendship
In the twilight—soon, ah, soon!

XUM

Jack-a-Boy *By* Willa Sibert Cather

I AM quite unable to say just why we were all so fond of him, or how he came to mean so much in our lives. He was just a little boy of six, a trifle girlish in his ways, and, as a rule, I do not like effeminate boys. Moreover, he was precocious, and precocious children are almost invariably disagreeable.

Certainly he was handsome, and he carried himself with a spritelike grace and his little suit of "soldier clothes" fitted him like a sheath. But his chiefest charm lay in his eyes, big, tender, gray eyes, that used to make me think of that old song, Thine Eyes so Blue and Tender; they were soft as the color on a dove's breast, and they looked down into your soul's secrets and made you remember things you had not thought of for years. Yet I do not see why we should have loved him for that: there were things in my own life I had no desire to remember, and there must have been many things in the life of the Woman Nobody Called On that she preferred to forget. And as for the Professor—oh, well! he didn't care to remember anything at all but Sanskrit roots and the metres of difficult Greek choruses, and he grudged the space that anything else took up in his brain. I fancy, generally speaking, that none of the folk who lived in Windsor Terrace were fond of memories. People who live in terraces are not usually those who have made the most brilliant success in life.

We were not prepared to give Jack-a-Boy a very cordial welcome when his parents moved into Number 324. It put us all in an ugly humor when we saw a hobby-horse lifted out of the moving van. Of course there would be children, we said; we might have known that. Other people's children are one of the most objectionable features attendant upon living in terraces—and such children! We had more than enough of them already, and we resented a single addition. When he came we all eyed him sourly enough, and if looks could kill, the florist would have been sending white roses up to Number 324.

The day after Jack-a-Boy's arrival I went up to the Professor's room to borrow a book and found him in a great state of nervous agitation.

"More children!" he cried, throwing down his pen; "and these partitions are so thin I can hear him laughing. I suppose he will have all the other children in the street in there, romping all day long; and I am just in the middle of a chapter on Vowels of Variable Quantity. Decidedly, I shall have to move!"

My friend, the Professor, was writing a work on Greek prosody, which he believed would be invaluable to English scholars. He had been writing it ever since I had first met him, and I don't care to say just how long ago that was. He was a thin, frail man, angular and much bent, who seemed to have put all his blood into his grammars, and to have only thousands of tiny Greek accent marks and smooth and rough breathings where the red corpuscles should be. His nerves were none of the best, and he worked through two pairs of powerful spectacles, and the strain of his labor was so heavy that I was sorry that he should be subjected to the annoyance of having a boisterous child next door.

The next day the Professor had another visitor, no less a person than the *enfant terrible* himself. The good man was seated at his desk, scratching away furiously, his door slightly ajar. When he got up to go to the case for a book, he saw a little boy dressed in a gray cadet suit standing outside his door, cap in hand. He ground his teeth and sat down and began writing again. Presently he looked up and saw that little gray figure still at his door.

"Well, what is it?" he asked sharply.

"Oh, I was just waiting until you were through. I came to call for a minute. I've been calling on almost every one in the Terrace, but I saw you were busy, so I thought I'd wait."

"Well, as my occupation is likely to last for some years yet, you may as well come in," said the Professor, rather gruffly. It was impossible to answer that clear little treble voice very savagely.

Jack-a-Boy was accustomed to taking people at their word, so in he went.

"My, what a lot of books you have!" he gasped, looking about. "Are there any with pictures in?"

"Pictures? Um-m, let me see." The Professor got up and turned the revolving bookcase and took out a big book that looked like a portfolio, and smiled grimly as he gave it to the boy.

"Now, you go on with your work, and I'll just sit here and look at these, and I won't bother you. I never bother Papa when he writes."

Jack-a-Boy curled himself up on the soft, woolly hearth rug, his chin propped on his hands and the book open before him, and the Professor went back to his desk and forgot Jack-a-Boy's existence.

I can think of no place where a child's presence—that is, an ordinary child's presence—could be more incongruous than in the Professor's room. It is a very large room, or would be for an ordinary tenant who furnished it in an ordinary manner. But under the Professor's occupancy it looked as though an effort had been made to crowd into it the entire contents of the British Museum. There were detail maps of every dead and forgotten city in which antiquarians had ever burrowed; dusty plaster casts of all the Grecian philosophers marshaled in rows above the bookshelves; bronzes of several of the later Roman emperors; terra-cotta models of the Acropolis and Parthenon and several other edifices whose very names I have forgotten, if I ever knew them; even an Egyptian mummy was wedged in between the lavatory and chiffonier. As for the books, they had overflowed all the cases long ago, and there was not a niche left for another shelf. The Professor's shoe box had been removed to make room for the last bookcase, and he kept his shoes under his bed. So the tomes were packed in under his desk, piled in the corners and on the chairs, on his table and on his bed. They were particularly in evidence on his little iron bed, and almost crowded him out entirely. The housemaid often told me that when she went to make his bed in the morning she found dozens of books piled up on the side next the wall, and a narrow indentation at the outer edge was the only indication that the Professor had gone to bed at all. I believe at one time he had another room in which to sleep, but he caught so many colds trapesing into his study in his pajamas at all hours of the night when some grammatical perplexity awoke him, that he had decided to abolish the last slight barrier between his books and himself and lived with them in good earnest. His room was on the third floor, where the doings of his landlady could not disturb him and where his windows commanded a magnificent view of the harbor, lying far away across the housetops. Not that the Professor spent much time looking out of his windows; when he first moved into the Terrace he had thought he would, but on his way to the window he always caught sight of some book or other and would pick it up and go back to his desk with it. All his life his excursions from his desk had ended just so. Very often, as he was starting out for his dinner, he would stop, hat in hand, for a look into Autenrieth or the Griechische Formenlehre, and the dinner hour would steal by and he would light his pipe and console himself with the thought that he worked more when he ate little, and on the whole was very glad that he had gained an hour.

As I say, the Professor had quite forgotten that he had a visitor when he heard a clear little voice asking politely:

"Would you please tell me what these pictures are about? They are not like the ones in my picture books. I think these must be knights, 'cause they have helmets on!"

The Professor started, and looked at him over his spectacles. The book he had given the child was a volume of Flaxman's immortal illustrations to Homer. Going over to the hearth rug, he sat down by the boy, and before he knew what he was about he had launched into an abbreviated and expurgated version of the Trojan War. For the Professor's heart was not really dead after all, you see, only buried beneath an accumulation of Sanskrit forms and Greek idioms.

After that, Jack-a-Boy went often to see the Professor. One evening, when I went in to borrow a book from my learned friend, I found a scarlet and gold Harlequin all hung with silver bells perched on a volume of Friedrich Nietzsche. I took no pains to conceal my amusement, and the Professor looked up very sheepishly, muttering: "That rascal left the thing here this afternoon."

He made friends with every one in the Terrace in just the same way, and seemed personally interested in all our miserable little doings. Even the crabbed old spinster in Number 326, whose lodgers stood in absolute fear of her, was soon known to be one of his conquests. She made him a little toy dog that was stiff and hard and gray like herself. It was solidly stuffed with sawdust, and had four corn-cob legs of uneven lengths, and it was an awkward and uncomfortable thing to hold in your arms. But Jack-a-Boy carried it about with him religiously for days, "For I wouldn't like to hurt her feelings," he said. He did not care much for toys, but he was very proud of anything that was given to him. I believe if any one had given Jack-a-Boy the most unsightly of love tokens, he, who was so fond of pretty things, would have received it joyfully and treasured it.

Soon after he came he asked if he might sit in my music-room while I was giving lessons, and when the piano was not in use he used to sit down and pick out the most charming little airs for himself, simple minor melodies, indefinitely sad, like the verses of young poets, but so graceful and individual that they made those hours sweet to remember. Music came as easily and naturally to him as speech, and the sense of harmonies was strangely developed in him, though he was such a nervous child we never dared let him practice much. I fell into a habit of playing to him in the twilight, after the long, dull days were over, and when he was not with the Professor, hearing about Grecian heroes, he was usually with me at that hour. I used to fancy that Jack-a-Boy would make music of his own some day, perhaps quite as beautiful as any that I played for him, and I used to wonder what form of expression the beautiful little soul of his would choose.

He did not play much with the other boys of the street. "They are such rough boys," he whispered confidentially to me. The gentle ways of the girls suited him better, and deep down in my heart I was afraid that, in spite of his soldier clothes and his love for the Grecian heroes, Jack-a-Boy was a coward. But one morning as I was sitting on the piazza, watching Jack-a-Boy play with one of the little girls of the Terrace, I saw another boy come up and maliciously stick a pin in the little girl's balloon. Jack-a-Boy flew at him like a wildcat, fists, teeth, feet and all the rest of him. I never saw such anger in a child. It was the frenzied, impotent revolt of a high and delicate nature against brutality and coarseness and baseness, like those outbursts of Stevenson's youth. The boy's comrades flew to his rescue, and in a moment our boy was down under four of them. I ran screaming to the edge of the porch, but an angular form darted past me. It was the Professor, hatless and coatless, with both pairs of spectacles on his nose. In a moment he came back carrying what was left of Jack-a-Boy, with the little girl wailing at his heels.

"Take good care of that little chap, madam," said the Professor as he gave him to his mother; "he carries the heart of more than one of us buttoned under his soldier clothes."

Of all Jack-a-Boy's friends, the Woman Nobody Called On was certainly the strangest. She lived in Number 328 and no one ever went to see her. We knew very little of her, except that she was very handsome, with that large, blond, opulent sort of beauty that is seldom seen off the stage and that one somehow distrusts on sight. Her beauty was a little faded on close inspection, too. She lived well, for her alimony was said to be generous. Some people used to wonder that Jack-a-Boy's mother allowed him to go to see her, but I think she was proud of her little son's elasticity and charm and his power of bringing gladness into people's lives. At any rate, Jack-a-Boy went often to see the woman in Number 328, and, as I passed, I used to see her watching for him at the window. Of all the people she had waited for in days gone by, I doubt if there was one for whom she had ever waited with such eagerness as she did for Jack-a-Boy. She always kept a supply of his favorite bonbons and was very careful to see that he did not eat too many. She knew so well what comes of having too much of what one likes, that Woman Nobody Called On.

One chilly April day, as Jack-a-Boy stretched himself out on the big Persian rug before her fire, he remarked:

"My! What pretty rooms you have; they are the nicest in the Terrace, I think. It's a pity you haven't got any little boys; they'd have such a good time here."

The Woman Nobody Called On looked at him queerly.

"Should you like me for a mother, Jack-a-Boy?"

"Why, yes, of course I would, you are so beautiful. After my own mother, I think I would rather have you than any lady I know. I believe I would like to have a great many mothers, kind of second best ones, you know. Sometimes on the street cars I see ladies I would like to have for mothers, and then there are others I wouldn't. There is Miss Mellon now, who gave me the dog; she is a very nice lady, but I wouldn't like to have her for a mother!" Jack-a-Boy wondered why the woman laughed and hugged him so.

Jack-a-Boy's great fête that year was his May-basket hanging. I think I meant even more to him than Christmas, because it was his nature to enjoy giving. He began to prepare for it about the middle of April. He got a large supply of tissue paper of many colors, and the old maid in Number 326 gave him a number of the wooden baskets in which she bought her butter, and the Woman Nobody Called On gave him bonbon boxes of all shapes and sizes. I think there was no one in the Terrace who was not consulted about the construction of those baskets, but he made them all alone in his nursery, and never weakened into showing any one of us the basket intended for our neighbor. He used to come out from his work with an eager face and sticky fingers, and he confided to me that his mother was making him some paper flowers because the real ones were so expensive, and asked me if I didn't think paper flowers would do pretty well with real leaves to make them look "realer." On the afternoon of the first of May, Jack-a-Boy and I went for a walk, and we got a few dandelions, and I persuaded him to let me add some violets to his collection. I knew that at heart he loathed the paper flowers. The Professor had been selected for the honor of hanging the baskets with him, and when I saw the old gentleman slipping out that night at dusk with a big market basket covered with rustling tissue paper on his arm, and that joyous, shapely little figure skipping beside him, I did not try to conceal my jealousy. I felt rather lonely and ill-used, and I opened my window and sat down beside it in the darkness. There was just a pallid ghost of a new moon in the sky, a faint silver crescent curve, like Artemis' bow, with a shred of gauzy cloud caught on its horn. The violet heavens were nebulous with the spring mistiness. Below, in the dusky street, I heard every little while the ring of a door-bell and the hurry of swift little feet down the steps and up the pavement, and sometimes a clear, silvery little peal of laughter, suddenly muffled. Once, on the other side of the street, I saw Jack-a-Boy scudding down the pavement like a gleeful young elf, with the Professor in the rôle of a decrepit Old Man of the Mountain shuffling after him.

When the Professor came in he stopped at my door.

"Miss Harris, I must beg your assistance in a little matter to-night," he said.

"Why, certainly, Professor, but surely you have forgotten that I am neither a lexicon nor an authority on Greek metres," I said.

He smiled quaintly. "I am not working at prosody to-night," he replied.

I followed him to his room, and there, on a relief map of the Peloponnesus, was a creation of blue paper and ribbons and flowers.

"I have made it at night, after that chap is in bed, for I am never safe in the daytime," explained the Professor proudly, "but I got the flowers only this afternoon and I doubt if they are very well arranged."

They certainly were not, but they were very pretty ones; yellow jonquils and big English violets.

"How did you happen to select these in particular?" I asked.

The Professor looked off at the bust of Aristotle above his desk and smiled absently over his glasses:

"Oh, they seemed to suit him. The yellow ones are gay, like him, and—and I think the violets are rather like his eyes." This last was said rather timidly. I suppose the Professor had never said that of a woman's eyes, so the comparison was quite fresh and unbackneyed to him.

"Now," I said encouragingly, massing the jonquils together to disguise their stiffness, "that is really a very pretty basket."

"Oh, it must be, if it is for him," chuckled the Professor. "He has taste, the rascal! Ugly things hurt him. He knows the Narcissus story, too. Did you ever notice what a singularly fine head that boy has? and that delicate face with its big violet eyes and arching brows? I tell you, it's a poet's face. There is a boy picture of Keats that looks like that. He has the mind that goes with it, too; all gossamer and phantasy and melody. I want to live to see him grow up."

The summer that year was a cruel one, and Jack-a-Boy's parents were not able to take him out of town. Matters must have gone ill with them just then, for Jack-a-Boy's young, blond papa looked worried and walked slowly with his shoulders bent, and wore his gray business suit on Sundays. I even fancied that Jack-a-Boy's white duck suits were not so many or so resplendent as in the summer when he first came to Windsor Terrace. We all took turns taking him to the park and off for little boat rides on the bay. But the heat was merciless; it withered the foliage in the parks and scorched the little grass plots before our doors, which were barely kept alive by continual spraying. The sultry nights took the fibre out of us all, and left us little courage to begin another day. Jack-a-Boy grew paler and his eyes grew larger and darker under their long black lashes, until we looked at one another over his head with questioning fear.

One burning, dusty day in early September I was returning to town after a week's stay in the country, when the Professor met me in front of the Terrace to tell me that Jack-a-Boy had the scarlet fever, that he was very ill and had been asking for me. I hurried off my travel-stained garments and went over to help Jack-a-Boy's mother in whatever way I could. The Woman Nobody Called On was there, and I helped her sponge off his little burning body. Then I knew that the Professor had been the wisest of us, and that this was not a human child, but one of the immortal children of Greek fable made flesh for a little while. Such little bodies have I seen among the marble children of the Borghese Gallery, never otherwhere. He was delirious at moments, but he knew me and said he was glad to see me, and asked if I had brought the cat-tails and acorns I had promised him. He had seen only pictures of them, and I had promised to bring him some real ones, and had forgotten. I have been forgetting things all my useless life, but I would have given anything in the world, anything, for a few acorns and rushes just then. It was so little that he ever wanted, and it was always such pleasure to gratify those strange, fanciful, delicate desires of his. But where in the heart of the city could one go for acorns and cat-tails? As well start upon the quest of the Culprit Fay at once.

"Oh, never mind," he said when he saw that I was troubled. "Maybe it wouldn't be much fun unless I saw them grow. I'm so glad you're back. I like to have all my friends home at night."

His fever ran very high at dusk, and he was much excited and half-delirious and wanted the Professor to come and tell him stories. "I want to know," he said quite distinctly, "about the white horses of Rhêsos; I have forgotten who stole them."

The Professor was not far to seek. He sat down in the shadow; the screen was before the drop-light to shield Jack-a-Boy's fever-blind eyes, and holding that hot little hand in his, the man of learning told that old, old story of Achilles' wrath. Ordinarily the Professor's voice is hard and didactic, like that of all men who have lectured in classrooms all their lives. But he spoke so softly that night, I thought a certain musical quality crept into it. I could never have believed him capable of the sweetness and directness with which he told that wonderful story, his phrases taking on a certain metrical cadence of their own.

"And now about Achilles shouting at the wall," urged the boy.

But before the Professor had finished with Patroclus' death and his friend's sorrow Jack-a-Boy was wandering again, and talking about what he wanted for Christmas, and the reindeer of Santa Claus and the white horses of Rhêsos. He tossed painfully in his little brass bed, and complained that it was hard and that the sheets were burning him. The Woman Nobody Called On took him up in her fine, strong arms and he rested comfortably there. Presently he looked up and said:

"Are you very tired holding me?"

"No, dear; would you rather lie down?"

"Oh, no! Not unless you're tired. I like to have you hold me, 'cause I can just feel you love me out of your arms," he murmured drowsily.

She held him so all night, while his mother got a little rest, until the dull, gray light of the dawn blanched the lamp-light in the room, that hour so common for the passage of souls, when "the glowworm shows the matin to be near."

Then I felt a sense of relief, and there came a change in the oppressive air of the room; it became cooler, and just a faint breeze came in at the open windows, and I seemed to detect above the odors of medicines a fresh, wet smell of violets and of autumn woods and green, mossy places by the mountain streams, and I remembered that it was the time when the spirits of the dead, that have been wandering up and down the world through the night, hurry back to spirit land. I think, as they flitted by our windows, Jack-a-Boy must have recognized some joyous spirit with whom he had played long ago in Arcady, for he left us. Perhaps some wood-nymph, tall and fair, came in and laid her cool fingers on his brow and bore him off with the happy children of Pan.

The long, bad dream of the flowers and the casket and the dismal hymns, so cruelly inappropriate for such a glad and beautiful little life, and the little white hearse, and the abandoned grief of us all, is merely a blur to me now. I try to forget all that, and to remember only that Jack-a-Boy heard the pipes of Pan as the old wood-gods trooped by in the gray morning, and that he could not stay.

The night after it was all over I went to the Professor's room. He was sitting alone in the darkness, before his desk, with his head resting on his hand. The student-lamp, that had burned every night for so many years and had lit the scholar's way through so many miles of patient research, was dark. He lay so heavily back in his old reading chair that for the first time I realized that he was an old man, was growing older, and was not just old by nature, like the casts and leather-bound folios about him. I bade him good-evening, but he did not lift his head.

"I knew from the first it would be fatal," he said; "I always knew we could not keep him long. Sometimes I fancied he would tarry long enough to sing a little like Keats, or to draw like Beardsley, or to make music like Schubert, and confound the wiseacres and pedants of the world, like those other immortal boys from Parnassus, who were sent to us by mistake. But he had too little to hold him back; less, even, than Keats. The meshes of the clay were too coarse to hold him. He rose from them, beautiful and still a child, like Cupid out of Psyche's arms. They could not spare him up yonder. There are not many such, even on Parnassus."

"I don't care about what he could have done or been," I answered rebelliously. "I don't think it matters so much about children's souls. If only we had his dear little body with us, it would be enough. It was the little human boy that I loved."

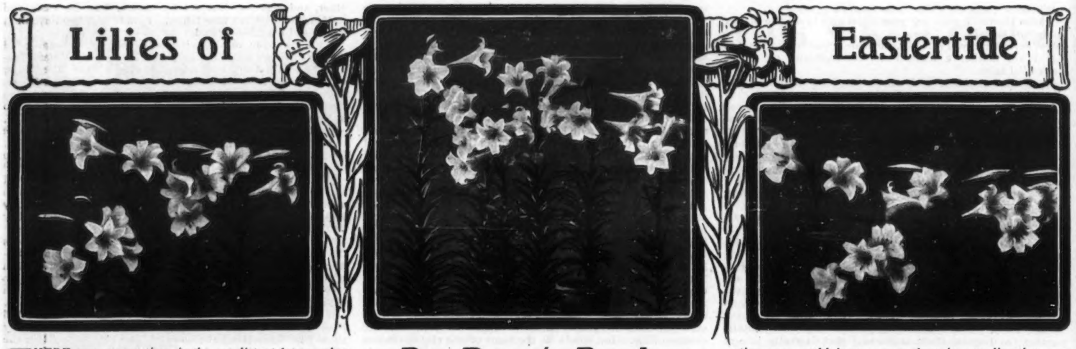
"No," said the Professor, shaking his head, "no, it was the soul. Why have we never loved any of the other children who have lived in this Terrace? There have been enough of them. They were little animals of our common clay. But sometimes the old divinities reveal themselves in children. In this case it was inexplicable, as it always is. His people are common enough. Why should he have liked Flaxman's drawings better than his picture-books? Why should he have liked the story of Theseus' boyhood in the Centaur's cave better than Jack the Giant Killer? Why should he tell me that the two stars that peeped down into his crib between the white curtains were like the eyes of the Golden Helen? That counter-jumper of a father of his never heard of the Golden Helen. No, he simply had that divinity in him, that holiness of beauty which the hardest and basest of us must love when we see it. He was of that antique world, and he would have lived in it always, like Keats. In my Homer over there there is a little, sticky thumb-mark on the margin of the picture of the parting of Hector and Andromache. He liked that picture best of all, because, he said, 'it was so kind of Hector to take off his gleaming helmet not to frighten his little boy.' He always said 'gleaming helmet;' he loved the sound of the words. Sometimes I used to fancy that if I should speak the Greek words he would recognize them. At any rate, the Greek spirit was his. I have taught Homer all my life, and I know. He used to lie here on the rug by the hour with that book open before him, and I would have to speak to him again and again to get his

(Concluded on Page 25)

Jack-a-Boy flew at him like a wildcat

Jack-a-Boy curled himself up on the soft, woolly hearth rug, his chin propped on his hands

Lilies of Eastertide



By René Bache

THERE may come a time, in the not-distant future, when people in this country will no longer be compelled to rely upon Bermuda planters for their supplies of Easter lilies—those delicate blossoms which by many are considered the most beautiful of all flowers, apart entirely from the sentiment which attaches to them through the association of religious ideas, though, of course, this latter point encourages their popularity to some extent. The rose is gay, the violet is lovely, but the lily is the special emblem of purity and spirituality.

The Bermudas are a small group of volcanic peaks, which, rising abruptly from the floor of the Atlantic, project their tops out of the sea seven hundred miles due east of Charleston, South Carolina. On those islands the Easter lily was a common dooryard plant eighty-five years ago, though only within a comparatively short time has it acquired importance as an article of commerce. No sooner was it planted there than it exhibited a phenomenal luxuriance of growth, and the gentle climate encouraged it to blossom very early. It seemed as though the flower and that mid-ocean garden spot were designed by Nature for each other, and, as if to make the fact more obvious, a single accidental bulb—what the gardeners call a "sport"—luckily turned up after a while as the founder of an improved variety, which was more prolific and also earlier to ripen than its progenitors. From this bulb, thanks to intelligent horticultural effort, the new strain of lilies, which furnishes the precious winter flowers, has been derived.

Recently, however, our Government has been making experiments, very quietly, with a view to ascertaining whether or not Easter lily bulbs—now obtained exclusively by importation from the Bermudas—can be grown in this country. The results so far have been decidedly encouraging, and it may be said to have been proved that the tubers can be produced to advantage along the coast of the Carolinas and in Southern Florida. The only question remaining is whether they can be made to ripen as early as the Bermuda bulbs; and this is vital, for otherwise they would not be able to compete with the latter in the market.

It is to be feared that the floral farmer of the Bermudas looks upon the Easter lily with no sentimental eye, the plant being classed from his viewpoint in the same business category with the equally fragrant and even more profitable onion. The onion, indeed, is his chief source of revenue, the lily coming next, and the potato third; but the lily is a sort of incidental crop, the bulbs being planted and dug at times when the demand for attention by the early market vegetables is not imperative. There are no very large tracts devoted to lily culture, which, in truth, is restricted to small patches of from one to half a dozen acres, scattered over the islands. The plant does not flourish on the exposed coast, but in the fertile pockets of rich red volcanic soil which occur between the hills inland.

The traditional early worm must surely have had its original home in the Bermudas, which is especially the place of production for things that come out of the ground ahead of time. In point of quantity, too, the annual output of the islands is little short of marvelous, as their total area is only about twenty-four square miles. But the warm current of the Gulf Stream runs close by the tiny archipelago, modifying the climate so far as to create there a climate like unto that of Paradise. While it is still winter with us, and all vegetation, north of the line of everlasting summer, is locked in the embrace of a temporary death, fields of onions and potatoes are carpeting the Bermudas with a green and luxuriant promise of coming wealth for the farmer, while here and there, even during March, great fields of blooming lilies spread a feast for the eye.

Nothing more beautiful than a field of these lilies in full bloom can well be imagined, the effect being that of a sea of flowers. Some of the lily plantations are so small that an active man could jump across them in any direction, crop and all. Cultural operations are conducted by hand, the plants being set out, like the Bermuda onions, in beds about four feet wide, and weeded with finger and thumb. The fields are so small, the rock so close to the surface in many places, and the rent of the tillable land so high (seldom less than fifty dollars an acre), that every inch of ground must be made to produce a maximum output. Horse cultivation would mean needless loss of space, but hand labor admits of close planting.

The oldest known species of lily was a native of the Levant, but was widely cultivated in Europe at a very ancient date. This is the one which, commonly known as the Annunciation, or St. Joseph's, lily, was so frequently introduced into the paintings of Murillo and other Old Masters. The modern Bermuda lily, however, was brought originally from Japan—botanists call it the Longiflorum, or Trumpet lily—and from that stock has been obtained the highly prized variety already described, which is so remarkable for its early blooming. This variety, which was introduced into general cultivation about 1878, has the additional advantage of being very robust and most prolific of flowers.

The shrewd and frugal farmers of the Bermudas, controlling as they do the lily market in this country, have abused to some extent the advantage of their monopoly, and, as a result, are now suffering serious loss. They have been selling millions of their bulbs to florists in the United States, to be forced in hothouses for the Easter market, but have also adopted, during the last few years, the plan of shipping to our large cities, just before Easter, immense quantities

Easter lily bulbs. One of them is cut open to show its structure

Lilies-of-the-Valley

A field of lilies in Bermuda

Planting Easter lily bulbs in Bermuda

of lily-blooms fresh-cut from their own fields, thus competing with the American producers in a manner extremely injurious to the latter. Weekly lines of steamers between the Bermudas and New York have facilitated the scheme.

The American growers have been angered by this method of procedure, which has caused them to lose many a dollar; but the practice has brought its own punishment to the Bermuda farmer. On the islands the lily bulbs have to be planted again and again through a series of years, in order that they may attain the requisite size; and to cut the blossoms, with the necessary stems, is a serious draft on the vitality of the tubers. The grower who cuts the flowering stalk, and later digs for market the bulb which produced that stalk, is doing a thing comparable with the burning of a candle at both ends. Having robbed the bulb of a limb, he makes a mistake if he supposes that it will lose nothing by the amputation.

How Over-Eagerness Injures Bulbs

Florists in this country are eager to get their lily bulbs as soon as possible each summer, in order that they may have plenty of time to raise plants from them for the flower market of the following winter. Consequently, the tubers that reach here early command special prices—a fact which has tempted the Bermuda farmer to adopt the injurious habit of digging his bulbs before they are ripe. Now, such a bulb is a package of food, chiefly starch, neatly put away by Dame Nature for the sustenance of the young plant that is to be. If it is taken out of the ground unripe, for subsequent planting, the food it contains can hardly be in fit condition for eventual consumption by the stalk and leaves which are to develop out of it, and hence the lily is likely to suffer from indigestion and to lose all of its beauty.

This practice of digging the tubers over-early seems to be mainly accountable for the so-called "lily sickness," which has caused so much loss to florists in the United States during the last half dozen years. It is a disease that entirely destroys the commercial usefulness of the affected plants, which produce no flowers, but only abortive buds that wither and drop off. The serious character of the mischief may be judged from the fact that not long ago no fewer than twenty thousand plants in the stock of a single grower in the neighborhood of New York City showed signs of the blight. Only of late has the source of the trouble been ascertained, the florists having regarded it for a long time as a well-nigh unsolvable mystery, though they were inclined to believe that the cause was some error in the hothouse method of forcing the lilies to flower.

In June the Bermuda farmer digs his bulbs, which have already produced flowers in March for the New York market. When they are taken out of the ground he is exceedingly careful that they shall suffer no exposure to the sun, which might seriously injure them, but he does not usually put them through any process of curing, though here and there a grower considers it advisable to dry them in the shade for a few days. Being now ready for shipment, they are packed in sand, sawdust or excelsior, in iron-strapped boxes which hold three hundred and fifty or four hundred, and in this shape they are forwarded to the United States. Preparatory to the packing they have to be counted and sorted according to size, the old-style lily tubers being separated at the same time from those of the new and more highly-prized variety, which are rounder in form and a lighter yellow in color.

If you will examine a lily bulb you will discover that the outer portion of it is composed of scales laid one upon another; and, pulling off a few of them, you will find at the base of each scale an embryo bud, which represents a future plant. The intelligent Bermuda farmer saves a few of his finest tubers from year to year for seed, as is done with potatoes, and in September he separates the scales and puts them in shallow boxes of wet sand, where the buds quickly develop, extending delicate rootlets through the sand in search of moisture. As soon as the roots are sufficiently formed, the promising infants are set out in open ground, and by the following summer they produce tiny bulblets, which the farmer calls "stock." Next autumn he plants them in rows six inches apart, an acre accommodating about sixty thousand of them. Such a patch ought to yield forty thousand marketable bulbs, but four or five years of planting and replanting are required to bring them to full size. Some reach a diameter of fourteen inches.

In a cultural enterprise of this description much depends upon the care with which the best material is chosen from year to year for seed and stock, the strain being steadily improved by such a method of artificial selection. Unfortunately, in this matter also the Bermuda grower has been led away by greed of gain, and, reluctant to withhold from sale the few bulbs required for planting, he has been making a too-frequent practice of utilizing for that purpose the scales which fall off the tubers incidentally to the process of handling them, thus relying upon accident for the satisfactory perpetuation of the qualities that give market value to the money-producing plant. Meanwhile, he cripples the bulbs he produces by cutting off their flowering stalks while they are developing, and by digging them before they have properly ripened.

These are among the reasons why such a determined effort is being made just now, under Government auspices, to find out whether it is practicable to grow Easter lily bulbs in this country. Experts of the Department of Agriculture, who have been making the experiments referred to in the coast region of the Carolinas and in southern Florida, express the opinion that there is no reason why the tubers should not be produced in those localities just as well as in the Bermudas, nor why they should not be fully equal in quality to the imported ones. Soil and climate are well adapted for their propagation in unlimited quantities, and, as already stated, the only doubt is whether they can be persuaded to ripen early enough.

Meantime, the Bermuda farmer is not in the least worried about American rivalry in the business of lily production. He is convinced that the bulbs cannot be grown anywhere in the United States, and accordingly looks forward to the indefinite perpetuation of his floral monopoly. Up to now, it is true, all efforts to raise them in this country have been notably unsuccessful; but, on the other hand, the problem has been attacked hitherto in a very desultory way, and by no means with such scientific method as is being employed at present in the attempt to discover its solution. To sum up, the prospect ahead seems decidedly promising, and, if expectations are realized, the Bermuda lily bulb will be shut out of our markets a few years from now by a cheaper, and possibly superior, article of home development. Fortunately for them, if this should come to pass, the sea-island growers will still have their onions and potatoes to fall back upon.

Extreme Fluctuations in Price

Nowadays, the lily bulbs dug and shipped in early summer are received by florists in this country some time in the latter part of July. They are planted in pots and kept in the shade until they sprout, when they are brought into the greenhouse, so that the plants may attain the requisite size and be forced into bloom by Christmas. Those intended to supply the Easter trade are started in the pots later. It is a business requiring no small amount of judgment, inasmuch as lilies worth three dollars a dozen on the day before Easter Sunday may be a drug at fifty cents a dozen on the following Monday. Florists reckon that one healthy stalk ought to bear six or eight blossoms, so that the profit is very satisfactory where many thousands of plants are handled and brought to perfection at just the proper time.

There has been a great deal of speculation as to the botanical identity of the "lily of the field," referred to in the Sermon on the Mount. "They toil not," said the Divine Preacher, "neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Some commentators have declared that the lily thus described was the Candidum—the original Easter lily, so often represented in early paintings, which was native to Palestine and Syria. On the whole, it seems likely that this view of the case is correct, though other authorities have insisted that the lily-of-the-valley was more probably the species indicated. Unfortunately for the latter theory, the lily-of-the-valley does not grow in fields.

Incidentally, it is worth mentioning that nearly all of the lilies-of-the-valley raised in this country are grown from "pips" imported from Germany and France, which are planted in cold frames or in open ground in the autumn, and afterward brought into the hothouses and forced into bloom. Some florists, in order to postpone the flowering-time, go to the trouble of keeping the roots in refrigerators—surely a curious artifice—thus subjecting them to a sort of counterfeit hibernation.

The tiger-lily and the tulip are true lilies; so likewise are the leek, the garlic, the asparagus and the familiar hothouse smilax. It is a large family. The calla, however, is not a lily at all, though generally accepted as such. It is quite outside of that classification, indeed, being not distantly related to the Jack-in-the-pulpit.

The Rival Flowers

By Carolyn Wells

A curious little shop once had a counter on each side;
At one a florist sold his wares, and one was occupied
By a clever little lady, who, during business hours,
Made up the very finest kind of artificial flowers.
One night, when all was dark and still, the florist's stock in trade
Began to boast among themselves that they were grown, not made.

HAUGHTY rose was speaking and she tossed her fragrant head,
Shook off a pearly dewdrop and to her neighbors said:
"Oh, violet and daffodil, oh, jonquil and carnation,
Be thankful you're the real thing and not an imitation;
Glance at those manufactured things across the shop and see
The hideous atrocities named after you and me!
Contrast those painted bits of rag called artificial flowers,
With all the exquisite effects of petals such as ours.
The mere idea is sacrilege, and yet this thought it brings:
Let us be thankful we're ourselves and not those awful things."

OF COURSE the artificial flowers this conversation heard,
And one and all they were with righteous indignation stirred.
The velvet violets quivered and the satin lilacs shook,
While a rose of crimson chiffon gave a most disdainful look
At the blossoms who had flouted her and said: "A chiffon rose
Is ten times more expensive than any flower that grows."
"Expease!" a Bridesmaid Rose cried out; "how sordid is the thought!
Beauty and fragrance such as ours for you could not be bought!"
And then the quarrel grew apace and angrily it raged,
The flowers of Nature and of Art a woeful warfare waged,
Until at last in sheer despair the conquerors,
they agreed,
Should be the ones to whom the fairest fate
might be decreed.
"And this the fairest fate shall be," said
they, "on Easter Day
To be dispatched with loving care to sweet
Miss Rosa May."

Serene and cloudless rose the sun upon the
Easter morn;
Two large white boxes to Miss May by
messengers were borne.
One held a mass of fragrant blooms—violets,
jonquils, roses;
The other box a hat contained, decked with
the rival posies!

Elks' Teeth Cornered

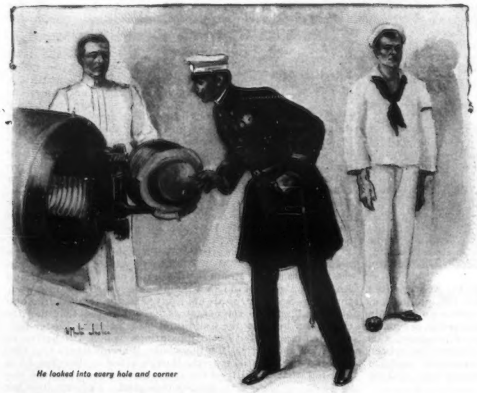
A REMARKABLE "corner" is said to be held at present by a citizen of Montana, who owns practically the whole of the existing supply of elks' teeth. He has been buying them up for years, and is said now to possess about 100,000. They have a market value of something like two dollars apiece, and there seems to be such a craze for them that the National Museum at Washington has had trouble in protecting its own collection of elks' teeth from theft by visitors, a number of them having been stolen.

There is also a considerable demand for the teeth by the Society of Elks in this country, whose members wear them as buttons or badges, usually set in gold or silver. The citizen of Montana is a prosperous business man, and he made up his mind some time ago that there was money in cornering the visible supply of an article so highly prized, especially as the available stock was so limited and could not be increased to any great extent, owing to the fact that the American elk as a species is being driven rapidly to extinction.

Elks' teeth have always been a special fad with the Indians, being utilized as ornaments and greatly prized for their supposed magical virtues. Near Joliet, Montana, is an old burial cave which contains hundreds of aboriginal skeletons, and in this cavern not long ago there were found great quantities of the teeth, 1500 of them being attached to a cloak in which the body of a woman—probably some chief's wife or daughter—had been wrapped.

XUM

A SAILOR'S LOG* By Robley D. Evans, U. S. N.



He looked into every hole and corner

A GATHERING OF THE WORLD'S SHIPS

JUNE 11, 1895.—Night before last, as we ran out of the North Sea, the sun set at nine o'clock exactly, and at half-past eleven it was still light enough to read on the bridge. The twilight gradually moved around to northeast and the moon rose in the south. At 2 A. M. the sun came up over the Swedish mountains, and the scene was worth coming all this way to look at. About 3 A. M. we passed a fleet of battleships heading for Kiel, and soon after entered Skaw Sound without a pilot, and from there on I was kept busy.

The harbor is, comparatively speaking, a small one, and the channels are narrow and crooked; but we managed after a while to get a good berth near the San Francisco. Admiral Kirkland transferred his flag to me the following day with his staff and all their belongings, but as he was to remain on board only a short time, he concluded to mess with me rather than start his own mess.

The Imposing Celebration at Kiel

Two days later we started for Kiel through the intricate waters of the Little Belt and arrived without accident. On the way we passed vessels of almost every nation, most of them at anchor putting the last touch of paint on before entering the harbor. When off the entrance to the port we were met by a torpedo boat, which put a German naval officer on board of each ship to show us where our buoys were. The one who came to us was from the Naval College in Berlin and was detailed for duty on the Admiral's staff during our stay. He spoke English well and was a most accomplished man. As we entered the harbor we found the German fleet drawn up in two long lines, and as we passed them each ship manned her rigging and cheered us. The cheering and the noise of the saluting guns made quite a Fourth-of-July effect. Before we reached our buoy the New York had fired one hundred and fifty guns in saluting the various notable persons in the harbor, though the Austrian fleet was the only one ahead of us. We took our buoys in a way to elicit the admiration of all who saw the evolution. As soon as we were fast to them the telephone from shore was connected to our pilot-house, and from that day until the day of our departure we had only to 'phone for anything that we wanted, from a keg of beer to a brownstone front, and it was furnished free of cost. The perfect way in which everything was arranged was a great credit to the Emperor, who personally had his eye on every detail. Eighty-five buoys were laid down in the harbor, each one with the number of the ship that was to take it painted on it, and on top the flag of the nation to which she belonged. Each ship, as she took her buoy, was connected with the shore by telephone, as in the case of the New York. In the space of two days all the fleets had arrived, and were composed of the finest ships in the navies of the world. The question of the exchange of official visits under such circumstances was a most puzzling one, and here the good sense of the Emperor was strongly shown. He designated one of his own vessels, a very large and roomy one, and invited all Admirals and Captains to meet him there at breakfast. With the invitation came a request that each would bring his orderly provided with a mail bag. After the breakfast was over the orderlies were drawn up in line, and each Admiral and Captain dropped his card in all the bags except his own, and thus in a few minutes cards had been exchanged with all hands. After that, if one had the time, he could call on such officers as he had known before, or those whose acquaintance he cared to make. The New York was about the newest thing in the way of a cruiser, and everybody wanted to see her. She was also neutral ground, so to speak, where all could meet with a freedom not possible on other ships. We were not hunting for alliances with other nations nor they with us, and we could be, and were, as independent as was our far-away country.

* Copyright, 1901, by D. Appleton & Co.

The French and Russian fleets met outside the harbor of Kiel and came in together, showing in this, as in other actions, their strong desire to have the recent alliance between the two countries noticed. Both Admirals declined the invitation of the Emperor to land their crews and be entertained by the German naval contingent, and both put to sea at the earliest moment permitted by the strictest etiquette.

The Perfect Condition of English Ships

The English squadron of four battleships and two armored cruisers seemed to me the most businesslike-looking outfit of the whole gathering. The ships were in perfect condition, and it was evident at a glance that they were not made so for the occasion, but that it was their usual condition, while in the case of the ships of some other Powers the practiced eye could see that "paint and putty covered a multitude of sins." I was particularly interested in the English cruiser from which the New York was supposed by many to have been copied. She was lying very near us, and her officers, as well as the British Admiral in command, after looking us over carefully, admitted that the New York was far the better ship of the two. The Admiral finally asked if I should object to the Chief Constructor of the British Navy coming on board and having a look at us, and when I assured him that it would give me the greatest pleasure to show my ship to so distinguished a guest, he wired the Admiralty, and I afterward, at Gravesend, had the pleasure of having Mr. White on board for many hours.

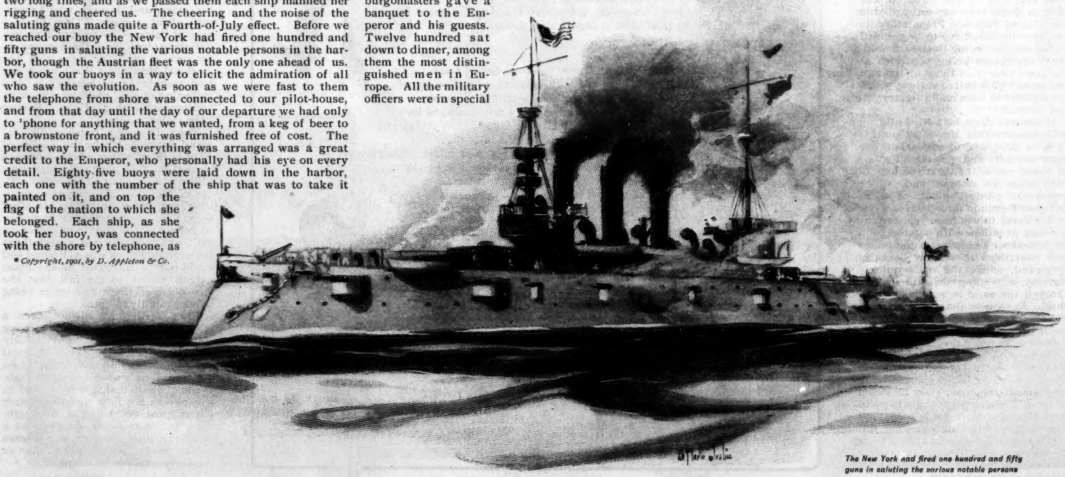
The ceremonies attendant upon the opening of the Kiel Canal began at Hamburg, where the burgomasters gave a banquet to the Emperor and his guests. Twelve hundred sat down to dinner, among them the most distinguished men in Europe. All the military officers were in special full dress, and the burgomasters wore their state robes. The Emperor wore a gorgeous military dress with many brilliant decorations. After the banquet there was a fine display of fireworks on an island in the lake, which had been made for the occasion. Several thousand persons walked about on this island listening to the bands and enjoying the beer and other refreshments which were in abundance everywhere, and I doubt if any, except those familiar with the place, knew that they were on made ground, so perfectly had the work been done. In the midst of the banquet, which was most elaborate, schooners of beer were served. The idea of drinking mine was more than I could face, but the German officer who was looking after my comfort promptly disposed of it as well as his own. I had great admiration for his capacity.

Before this time the Admiral commanding each fleet had sent a small vessel to Hamburg to convey the Minister and other officials through the canal. After the fireworks display we all got under way at 2 A. M. and started down the river according to rank, the Emperor leading in the Hohenzollern. We, having the baby Admiral, were number twenty, being near the tail end of the procession instead of near its head, where the importance of our country should have placed us. We ran down the Elbe sixty miles to Brunsbüttel, where we entered the canal, steamed through it a distance of about seventy-eight miles, and came out two miles below Kiel. At intervals along the line of the canal the Emperor had massed bodies of troops, who were paraded, and saluted the colors as each vessel passed. As the Hohenzollern, showing the Emperor's flag, entered the harbor, there was a great outburst of cheering and the roar of salutes as the assembled fleets welcomed him.

The Emperor's Ship Built on the Land

For the purpose of entertaining his naval guests, the Emperor had built on the land, near Holtnau, almost at the Kiel entrance to the canal, a large ship of the line. She was full ship-rigged, had all her yards across, and her gun deck was beautifully decorated for the dinner, which was given on the day following our arrival from Hamburg. When the banquet was over, souvenir medals were presented to all of us and we retired for our cigars to the upper deck, where all were presented personally to His Majesty and exchanged a few pleasant words with him. I stood near him during the time he conversed with the French Admiral and his officers, waiting my turn to be presented, and could not help being impressed by his manner as well as by that of the Frenchmen. They were all ideally polite, but there was, on the part of the Emperor, a hearty feeling of success which I did not observe in the manner of the distinguished officers who were saying good-by to him. They were to sail in the early morning in company with the Russian fleet. When I was presented to him the Emperor gave me a cordial hand-shake and kept others waiting quite five minutes while he talked to me in the most pleasant way. He had many questions to ask me, which he said he would expect me to answer before I left Kiel. His whole manner to the American officers was most cordial.

I had arranged with the chief of staff to get rid of my fireworks on this occasion, that the Emperor might witness them on his way back to the Hohenzollern from dinner. Certain



The New York and fired one hundred and fifty guns in saluting the various notable persons

signals had been agreed upon, and when these were made, indicating that His Majesty was in position to see, the New York cut loose. All the ships had been doing something in the way of fireworks, but it had leaked out somehow that the Yankees had something up their sleeve, and when we began all the rest stopped to see what would happen. We started off with a set piece eighty feet long suspended between our military masts, a portrait of President Cleveland at one end and of the Emperor at the other, and between them the legend in German script: "America sends heartfelt congratulations to Germany on the opening of the North Sea Canal." As this blazed out, the thousands of people massed on the shore only three hundred yards away broke into a great roar of cheers, which was taken up by the different ships, and gradually died out in the distance. Then the show went on with such bursts of rockets and bombs and mines as had never before been seen on a ship, and finally wound up with a set piece, the American shield at one end, the German double eagle at the other, and "Good-night" between them. The upper deck of the New York had been carefully covered with six inches of wet sand, but notwithstanding many streams of water were constantly playing, I found we were badly marked at many places. The carpenters were busy with their planes for several days before the marks were all removed. The German papers, as well as all the officers who witnessed the display, were unstinted in their praise. The feeling uppermost in my mind was one of thankfulness that it was all over without an accident.

Entertaining a Prince Unawares

At a reception given on board one of the German battleships on the Sunday after our arrival I had an interesting experience. When I went over the side I found a large company, most of them dancing. As I was not a dancing man, I stood to one side to be out of the way, and entered into conversation with a young clean-cut-looking German Captain who spoke English perfectly. It was soon evident to me that he was brilliant in his profession, and we engaged in a rather sharp professional talk. I did not agree with the Captain, whose name I had not caught, and did not hesitate to speak my mind—nor did he. After a time he said he would be glad to present me to his wife, which he did, and I found her a very charming and attractive woman. Of course I had not caught her name, either, and, after talking with her half an hour, I noticed that a good many people seemed to be waiting to speak to her, so I took myself off to the smoking apartment to enjoy a cigar. When I entered, Admiral Knorr greeted me and said: "Evans, the Prince says you are a good fellow, and he wants the Emperor to know you." I replied: "My dear Admiral, I haven't seen the Prince and don't know him." "Well," he said, "you ought to know him; you have been talking shop with him for half an hour, and I don't know what you have been saying to the Princess during your conversation with her." I had been talking with two of the most delightful people I ever met, Prince Henry and the Princess Irene, without knowing in the least who they were, and I certainly told them both exactly what I thought about the different things we discussed. The Prince was in his uniform as a Captain of the navy, and commanded the vessel on which the reception was given. I afterward saw much of both of them and was indebted to them for much courtesy, and the better I knew them the more I saw in them to admire. It was no doubt owing to the courtesy of Prince Henry that his brother, the Emperor, gave me such marks of distinguished consideration. The Princess Irene came several times to the New York, and seemed always interested and pleased with her visits.

The racing spirit was ripe at Kiel, and our men were delighted to have a hand in anything in that line. The San Francisco held the championship of the navy for twelve-oared cutters, and had on board the boat with which she had won it. We of the New York had a boat as yet untried and unnamed, which we thought well of, and I had given much time and care to the training of a crew, with the intention of winning the coveted prize if possible. When we met at Kiel we raced in the presence of all the foreign ships, and my men won by a good margin. This led to an interesting incident, which I shall record later. We also entered our sailing launch for the regatta, which was arranged by the Emperor for man-of-war boats under sail, and won the fifth prize, competing with thirty-six German boats of the same kind. It was generally admitted that we should have taken the first prize if there had been a bit more wind. When the race started, the breeze was very light and all the German boats were well ahead of us, but later it freshened up, and it was glorious to see the way our boat walked out to windward of them. At the finish we had done up all but five, and were so close to them that ten minutes more would have given us the lead. We were the only outsiders in the race, and brought away two silver cups as our trophies.

In return for all the hospitality we had received we gave two entertainments of note. The officers of all the ships combined, and held a dancing reception on board the New York, and I gave a dinner to the Emperor and a party of his ranking officers. Of course, all the ships were constantly entertaining officers of various nationalities, and I doubt if there was a meal served in any mess of our fleet during our stay at Kiel, not even a breakfast, without the presence of guests. I cannot do better than quote the following from my journal written at the time:

"*Kiel, June 28, 1895.*—The Kiel spree is a thing of the past, and we are now only waiting the arrival of our orders to be off. The whole business has been the most complete success possible, and when the last one of our nine hundred guests left, yesterday evening, I was gratified to think that we had not had a mishap of any kind except the explosion of the San Francisco's launch boiler, which was nothing. In order to wind up in proper shape, we gave a dancing reception on board the New York. All ships combined, and it was a magnificent success. All Kiel was invited, and all Kiel is talking of it to-day.

"Unfortunately, the Empress was too ill to come, and the Princess Henry could not leave her, which was a disappointment to all hands. We had two bands, and no end of dancing from three o'clock until 7:30. The flowers were beautiful, the women more so, and the food excellent. Our guests drank nineteen kegs of beer and thirty gallons of punch.

No Photograph to Give to a Princess

"On the twenty-sixth, Prince and Princess Henry came in the afternoon with a party of ladies and spent two hours on the ship, really enjoying themselves. When they were about to go the princess presented me with her photograph, and I was ashamed to have to say that I had not one of mine to give her in return. They are lovely, refined, kindly people, and I am glad to have known them.

(*Concluded on Page 24*)

Masters of Men *By* Morgan Robertson

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS—For two men in Uncle Sam's pay, able-seaman Halpin and Ensign Breen were in a curious predicament. Formerly friends, so far as the etiquette of the service permitted, bad blood between them had been nourished by misunderstanding until Halpin had resolved to desert. Breen, suspecting the other's mind, had, at the request of Mabel Arthur, followed and overtaken him. Both were in citizens' clothes. Halpin had been suddenly taken ill, and the two men stepped into a sailors' resort, near the waterside, for a moment's warmth and rest, and there they had been—officer and seaman—shanghaied!

TWENTY-FIFTH CHAPTER

HEY, below, there! Hey, below! What's the matter? Hey? Heave out—heave out. Out on deck wi' ye!"

Dick heard dimly, groaned from the pain in his head and joints, and, rolling over, went to sleep again.

It was perhaps not a minute, but it seemed to him hours later when a hard fist knuckled his throat and he felt himself being dragged forcibly outward and downward to a bone-wrenching collapse on the floor. Then again he heard the angry, strident voice:

"Get out on deck to yer work, ye bloody swab. Out wi' ye, or I'll make ye wish ye're in h—l."

"What is it—what's up?" he asked brokenly, as he looked up at a figure standing over him in the flickering light of a flare lamp. Around him were bunks, and on the stanchions between them hung oilskins, coats and clothes-bags. From the open door at the end of the apartment the cold wind of a bleak morning came in, chilly and damp.

"Get out o' this an' clap on to them flyin'-jib hal'ards," bellowed the man above him. "Quick, or I'll lift ye."

Dick was not quick, either in his movements or in his mental processes; his head was aching and his brain reeling from the effects of the drug. Arising unsteadily, he yielded to the pushes and punches of the other and staggered through the door to the deck without, where, to the music of flapping canvas, whistling wind, and their own discordant calls, men were setting the flying jib.

"Get a holt o' them hal'ards," came the voice of authority in his ear, followed by a blow that launched him nearly headlong into the group of men hoisting the sail. He was accustomed to obey, but not to being struck; and when thoroughly awake and able to remember the events of the night before, and to realize that he was now at sea on board a large, square-rigged ship, he asked the man nearest him for an explanation.

"What ye growlin' 'bout, matey?" answered the man. "Ye've just run foul o' the bucko second mate—the boy bucko. We've been doin' the same all night. He's big enough, but too young for the noise he makes."

"Then I've been shanghaied," groaned Dick. "Is Mr. Breen aboard."

"Who—yer side-partner? He's aft wi' the other watch. Oh, ye've struck a sweet ship, matey. Been to sea before?"

"In the navy."

"Whew—both o' ye? The Lord help ye, then, till ye larn yer work."

"Dry up that guff at the hal'ards," bawled the officer from amidships.

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the man cheerfully. "Up with her, lads. Up wi' that headsail. Take a hold here, matey," he added in a lower tone to Dick. "Take a hold, or ye'll have him at ye again."

And Dick pretended to pull on the halyards—which was all that he could do in his demoralized condition. The sail was soon up, and they trimmed down the sheet at the noisy behest of the officer. Then they were all driven aft to assist others of the crew in mast-heading the mizzentopsail-yard. The strong, fresh breeze was rapidly clearing Dick's benumbed faculties, and as he hauled with the others he searched his memory in the effort to locate the second mate's voice. He had heard it somewhere, he was sure, but could not remember where, and though daylight was breaking on the lee beam, it was still too dark to distinguish features. Indeed, it was only when the second mate called to them to "bend their backs," and he muttered something in reply, that he became aware that the unkempt figure just in front of him on the rope was Mr. Breen.

"None of that, Halpin," said the latter in an undertone. "Keep your mouth closed tight until I can talk with you. They've put us in separate watches. Roused me out at midnight."

"Very good, sir," answered Dick.

"And don't 'sir' me here. Do as they tell you, and say nothing. We're in a bad fix."

Though the air was now clear of snow and the storm of the night before had sufficiently moderated to permit the carrying of all three topsails, maintopgallantsail and flying jib, there was still a force to the fitful puffs of the westerly wind and a snap to the offshore sea which hammered the ship and made more sail inadvisable. So, when the mizzentopsail was up and the yard braced, a bellowing roar sounded from the poop-deck: "Relieve the wheel and lookout. That'll do the watch."

"Your watch on deck, youngster," said Dick's friend as they coiled up the gear. "No choice between ye when we lifted ye up the side; but the mate picked yer chum and the second mate picked you. Wonder where the bloody mate is. He was busy enough up to midnight."

"What ship is this," asked Dick, "and where's she bound?"

"Mary Earl, o' Bath, Cap'n Bilker, o' Cape Cod. Ever hear o' him? First mate's another Cape Cod murderer, and second mate's a bran' new bucko just out o' the boys'-room, I take it—not used to bossin' men, an' not more'n half a seaman, but a rum-hickey with his fists. Guess you an' me an' yer chum are the only Americans forrard. We're goin' out to Hongkong. My name's Sawyer, o' Hoboken, an' I go to sea to keep out o' Jersey."

Others had coiled up the rest of the gear and the two went forward, Dick observing in the gathering light that Sawyer was a tall, loose-jointed man with a hook nose and a rather humorous cast of countenance. The "doctor" was up; smoke was coming from the galley chimney, and the watch on deck were grouped under the weather rail near the fore rigging, evidently waiting for the early coffee served in all American ships at "turn-to." The other watch had gone below, but as Dick joined the group the Ensign appeared at the forward corner of the house and beckoned to him. He followed to the topsail sheet bitts, just forward of the foremast, and there, in an open space which precluded listeners, Mr. Breen said in a low voice:

"Know anything about the American hell-ship, Halpin?"

"No, sir—only what I've heard."

"Drop the 'sir' while we're here. Fix the habit upon you, or you'll get us both into trouble. This is a hellship, and the hellship is the blackest shame resting upon America. I've had enough—at least, all I dare to risk. I went aft and protested to the Captain when they roused me out at midnight, stating that I was a naval officer. I was kicked around the poop-deck and thrown down to the main-deck. Believe me? Not a bit. Thought I was drunk—and to tell the truth, my speech at the time would bear out such a construction. We're in rags. I've got a bagful more of them, and suppose you have, too, unless some one has stolen them. Now, this much I know, from what I have seen and heard: the mere presence in the forecastle of an educated man is a continuous menace to the brutes who command and officer such ships as this, and is warrant enough for them to murder him; for they know that he is apt to make trouble ashore. As the law now stands they can punish an insolent

DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBS

Fig Jones

sailor with a blow, and if he returns it they may kill him. I cannot convince them of my identity—neither can you. So I shall resent no insults until I am able to act; and as for you, do as you're told, keep out of trouble—for I may want you in a hurry—keep your mouth shut, call me by my last name, and don't let them see us together too often."

Before Dick could reply the Ensign was gone; so Dick secured another man's tin pot and his own share of the coffee, which had been brought to the port forecastle. It was vile stuff to begin with, and had been rendered viler by the molasses stirred in to sweeten it; but it was hot, and it warmed Dick's chilled and aching body, and cleared more of the fog from his brain, so that by the time a rasping "Turn to, there. Buckets and brooms. Get out that deck-pump forrard there," came from amidships, he began to feel a lively interest in the speaker—the man who had struck him. He watched the giant figure lumbering forward, and even stepped into his path for a better view of his face. He knew him. It was Pig Jones.

DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBS

"I'm John Bilker, o' Provincetown"

TWENTY-SIXTH CHAPTER

PIG JONES, four years older, grown to man's physique, and with the facial characteristics—slanting forehead, protruding chin, and small squinting eyes—which had given him his nickname among the boys, developed into as unpleasant a combination as may go toward the make-up of the human countenance. It was a brutal, sensual, cruel face—a face bearing a standing invitation to an honest fist, one that most men would feel pleasure in striking. And as Dick backed toward the bucket rack at the foremast, it followed him with a leering expression natured with curiosity, wonder and doubt.

"Hey, you!" he cried pleasantly as his face. "You out at eight bells? What's your name?"

"Billson, sir," answered Dick, remembering the Ensign's injunction as to caution, and influenced in his choice of a name by the momentary comparison with his late antagonist which the officer's figure had aroused.

"Billson, hey? You look mighty like a plug-ugly I went to school with. Look out ye don't look more like him, or I'll take it out o' you."

"Aye, aye, sir," returned Dick submissively, as he took down a couple of buckets. The officer stepped toward him, searching his immovable face for any hint of sarcasm behind the answer, and finding none he thundered forceful objurgations to the rest to "get that deck-pump aft."

In the washing down of the deck that morning the second mate watched Dick continuously, and so impressed him with his suspicions that, when opportunity offered, he requested Sawyer to tell no one that he was a man-of-war's man; for he had reason to believe that Pig had known of his choice of a career. And when the watch turned out at seven bells he apprised the Ensign of his change of name and his reasons.

"One of the gang, Halpin? Well, if we are any good—you and I—you'll have a chance at him before long. And perhaps not with your fists. I'll do murder before I'll submit to this. Now, Billson, get to work; here comes our superior officer."

Mr. Jones was coming forward. The Ensign stepped into the forecastle to his breakfast, and Dick resumed his deck-swabbing. There was strong cause for the Ensign's bitter tone and murderous mind. You cannot drug, rob and strip a naval officer, dress him in greasy rags, swear at him and kick him until he is willing to pull wet, hard ropes through a stormy mid-watch, and have him in the mood of the gentleman—temperate of mind and refined of speech. Dick was now the milder of the two. At eight bells his watch was relieved and went to breakfast—manufactured coffee and cracker hash, the latter an unsavory mess of broken hardtack and gristly beef, soaked overnight and baked brown. Confiscating as his own a last voyage pot, with pan and spoon, he helped himself, wondering, as he forced the stuff down, how the well-fed Ensign had succeeded; and there came to him a momentary feeling of ungenerous and anarchistic joy that this pet of society and the Government knew now what sailors must eat. The mood was but transient, and left him with the filling of his stomach, so that when a loud summons for all hands to muster at the break of the poop came in through the door, he walked aft with the crowd of men, fully prepared to enter into any defensive and offensive alliance which Mr. Breen might propose.

He had rummaged the bedless bunk in which he had slept off his stupor, finding a damp canvas bag filled with grimy working clothes, and a damp and greasy cap, which he had donned; but there was no time to change the rags he wore—drenched by the storm in the ride down in the tug—for dry ones, and he stood in that dishevelled crew perhaps the sorriest looking of all. The carpenter seemed prosperous, and the cook shone in immaculate white; but the men were badly blest, by nature and fate. Here and there showed a clean article of apparel—a new cap or hat, shaming the garments beneath—a new pair of rubber boots, a new sou'wester, or a new sheath-knife and belt. But aside from these they wore the patched, fringed and tar-besoiled garments of their last voyage, and on each face was a common expression of earnestness and hopelessness. Over their heads arose the Roman nose and humorous eye of Sawyer, and in the front rank stood Ensign Breen of the United States Navy, picturesque in his vestments, and with a countenance as woebegone as it is possible for a shanghaied graduate of Annapolis to assume. The steward was at the wheel, and scowling down on them from the poop were Mr. Jones and a gray-bearded man who wore a slouch hat and long pilotcloth overcoat, in the pockets of which he kept his hands. They needed no introduction to know the Captain of the ship. He slowly scanned each of the twenty men's faces, paced a few turns fore and aft on the poop, then brought himself up squarely against the monkey-rail, his hands still in his pockets.

"My name's Bilker," he said, slowly and impressively; then, after a moment's silence, he repeated in a louder voice: "My name's Bilker."

The men shuffled their feet uneasily under his stare, but none answered.

"I'm John Bilker, o' Provincetown," continued the Captain; "and I've sailed ships out o' N'York and Boston for twenty-five years; and I 'low that in all that time I never let any measly gang o' gentlemen rope-haulers get the best o' me. You hear me? You hear what I say, you —— pack o' poor men's dogs."

He took another walk along the deck and returned. Dick glanced over at the Ensign to note the effect of this language on him; but his dejected face was non-committal.

"In all my goin' to sea," went on the Captain, his voice rising, "I never seen a worse lot o' beach-combers and river-thieves. There ain't a whole man among you—there ain't half a man; but there's a murderin' scoundrel among you that I want. Last night along 'bout six bells o' the middle watch, my first officer, all fagged out from tryin' to get sail on a ship with a crew that don't know a buntline from a sheet, was woke up by a sneakin' thief goin' through his desk. Yes, sir—a sneakin', bloody-minded thief that tried to kill him, too, 'fore he got thoroughly waked up. Then he ran out on deck and forrard to the rest o' you. And that poor man is down there groanin', with his arm broken at the elbow, while the murderin' thief that done it is among you, laughin' in his sleeve, and wishin' he'd finished his bloody work. Now, I want that man to step out and own up."

Not a man stirred. They looked at one another with inquiry in their faces, then up at their captain, only to fall back, crouching, and scattering to the right and left, with involuntary raising of arms to screen their faces. Captain Bilker had brought his hands out of his pockets, and in each was a bright revolver.

"Shove him out!" he thundered as he leveled the pistols. "Give up that low-down scoundrel. I'll show him what he can do and what he can't do. Quick, you —— dock rats, or I'll hurt some o' you!"

"Hold on, Cap'n," said Sawyer.

"Are you the man? Come out here."

"No, Cap'n, I'm not," said the sailor, stepping bravely up to the poop steps. "I'm no thief, an' if I was I wouldn't be fool enough—hold on, sir; I wish you'd point 'em t'other way, sir. They might go off. What I want to say, Cap'n, if ye'll 'xcuse me, is that ye yer takin' a mighty poor way to get that thief, whoever he is. Ye begin by damnin' us all 'round, and then ye pull yer guns. Now, what man's goin' to own up in the face o' threats o' bein' shot?"

"None o' your back lip. Don't you talk to me. Come up here on the poop. I swear I think you know all about it."

Sawyer ascended the steps, was collared by Mr. Jones, and hurled against the forward cabin companion, near which he remained, with the second officer watching him out of the corner of his eye.

"Where's that counter-jumper who comes aft when work's goin' on swearin' he's an officer in the navy?" demanded the Captain. His eye wandered over the crowd and settled on Mr Breen.

"You the man?" he inquired, straightening one pistol toward him.

"It might have been me, sir," answered the Ensign mournfully. "Please don't shoot me, sir. I had dreams, sir. I have been drugged and kidnapped on this boat, sir, but I haven't done any harm, sir."

Dick was astounded, but held himself together; and the Captain, searching keenly the sorrowful face beneath his gun, said: "Dreams? What you drivin' at?"

"I've always dreamed, sir, that I was an officer in the navy, and I was having such a dream when I waked up on that stage up there, sir, and you were kicking me."

"You're no sailor. What's your trade?"

"I'm a gentleman's man, sir."

"What?" roared the Captain.

"A gentleman's man, sir—a valet. I cook welsh rabbits late at night for my master, and I wake him up in the morning, and see to his bawth, and sometimes I shave him, and I always have to press his trousers, and answer the bell ——"

"That is, you're a flunkey."

"That's what they call us in England, sir."

"Well," answered the Captain, thoughtfully and contemptuously, "I guess you didn't break my first mate's arm." He put his pistols in his pockets and turned to Sawyer.

"You an American?"

"Yes, sir, an American," answered Sawyer vehemently. "An American and an able seaman; and I've held command—I'm no fool to break into a first mate's room in this kind of a ship 'fore I'm twenty-four hours aboard."

"Held command? What in?"

"Sound schooners, sir. I'm no navigator, but I'm no fool thief ——"

"Get down on deck. Find out who broke Mr. Thorpe's arm and I'll make you third mate."

Sawyer answered respectfully and descended, while Captain Bilker ordered Mr. Jones to set the fore and mizzen topgallant sails, relieve the steward at the wheel, and dismiss the starboard watch. No doubt Sawyer's logic had convinced him.

Later on Sawyer said to Dick: "Make me third mate, would he? If I knew the hero that broke that man-driver's arm I'd be a father to him."

TWENTY-SEVENTH CHAPTER

DICK would have talked further with Mr. Breen before turning in, but, on looking around for him, discovered that he was aft at the wheel; so he changed his clothes, arranged what was dry of his baggage beneath and above him for bedding, and slept until noon, waking at the stroke of eight bells practically recovered from the effects of the drug. On going aft to the galley at Sawyer's sleepy command from an upper bunk to "Get the grub, youngster," he found that Mr. Breen had suffered later injury which had not yet come to him. He was at the galley door sawing wood for the cook, and his handsome face was disfigured by a black eye.

"Kicked and thumped away from the wheel for bad steering and for not knowing the compass," he said cautiously in answer to Dick's look of inquiry. "Inconvenient and unpleasant, but necessary; I'm an ignorant landsman. Remember *your* part: do your work, as a *sailor*, and avoid all trouble. See me in the last dogwatch. Go ahead, now. Get your dinner."

He shifted the stick of cordwood along the sawbuck and sawed; for Sawyer—unknown by him—was coming to help Dick bring the dinner. At the same time the carpenter, with a bundle of oakum under his arm and a heavy caulking mallet over his shoulder, appeared around the corner of the house on the way to his shop, just forward of the galley. The carpenter paused before the pile of wood at the moment the cook's black face appeared in the galley door. He was a particularly evil-faced negro, and the geniality of his race seemed denied him; for he looked sourly at Sawyer and Dick, saying:

"Don't stand 'round my door axin' fool queshuns, now. Dah's yo' poke an' pease—Gov'ment whack fo' all han's fo'ward till you gibs up de t'ief. Take it an' gwan."

"What's this?" asked Sawyer angrily as he sniffed the mess in the dishpan. "Government 'lowance ain't much worse than the regular thing; but why don't you sift out the maggots 'fore you cook up last v'yage pease?"

"Don't you talk to me, you no 'count trash. Don't you tell me how to cook, or I cut you all up; you see?"

He reached behind him and showed a sharp carving knife; and the fuming Sawyer went forward with his pan, while Dick cautiously picked up the pan of boiled salt pork. Turning with it, he beheld the carpenter, a large, bewhiskered and dyspeptic-looking Scotchman, with his hand on Mr. Breen's collar. He had dropped the bundle of oakum, but still held the caulking mallet, while the cook still held the knife. Dick set down the pan.

"Ye thunderin' loon," roared the big carpenter in the ear of the slimly-built Ensign, "an' why do ye no go aft to the poop wi' yer tools an' material. Wha put ye here, to scar up a good deck an' mak work for a mon wi' plenty to do?" He gave him a shake, then flung him against the rail. Dick waited for orders.

"If you please, sir," said the Ensign—and only Dick could detect the quiver of rage in the humble accents—"I was told by the Captain to saw wood for this gentleman, and he told me to saw it here."

"He did! An' say," he said to the cook; "d'ye ken na mair o' the value o' good plankin' than to sanction this?"

Out came the cook, his eyes gleaming, his carving-knife gripped tight.

"Don't you come 'round inte'ferin' 'tween me an' my boy," he said. "He's my boy, an' he's gwine to saw my

wood when ebber I want him. You hear? An' he's gwine to saw it jess where I tell him, too; an' if you don't lak it, you go aft an' talk to de skipper."

"I'll talk to the skipper, na doot," answered the carpenter steadily as he eyed the flourished knife; "but the question now is: Are ye threatenin' me wi' 'that weepon? If ye are, I'll get along without him. Put it doon." He advanced toward the cook.

"Keep away dere, sah," stormed the negro as he raised the knife high over his head. "I's a peaceable man till I's 'roused, but I's been a bad man in my time. You hear——"

The caulking-mallet struck him squarely. It was a cylinder of lignum-vitæ, about fifteen inches in length and three in diameter, banded at the ends with iron, and fitted with a small foot-long handle at its middle. Any one who has seen a ship-carpenter, or caulker, at work, can understand the development and mobility of the wrist-muscles brought into play, and with these muscles alone the carpenter had sped the mallet from his shoulder with the speed and accuracy of an Indian's tomahawk. The cook went down, but arose in a moment, smiling—or, rather, grinning—and looked wildly about for his knife, which had dropped from his hand.

"Fair exchange is na robbery," said the carpenter coolly as he twirled the knife by its handle, "an' I thout I'd trade weepons wi' ye; but if ye'd have mine ye maun go over the side for it. It war no constructed for armor-piercin' an' caroomed on yer superstructure. Get ye into yer galley, ye swine, or I'll mak shark bait o' ye. An' I'll e'en report ye to the skipper an' keep yer toothpick for scrappers." He stepped forward, but the cook retreated into the galley.

"What's up here?" asked the second mate, appearing on the scene.

"What's up, sir?" answered Chips as he turned. "I war expostulatin' wi' this Senegambian about the condeetion o' the deck gin his wood-sawyer gets through, an he come oot wi' his assagai; an' I've lost my best corkin'-mallet——"

"Take this stuff forrard," said the officer to Breen, the sleep of his late watch below still in his eyes. "Don't ye know any more'n to saw hardwood over a bare deck?"—his voice was rising—"Hey? Don't ye know any more'n that?" he shouted, now thoroughly awake. "Get that dunnage on the fore hatch, spread it out an' pile this wood on it 'fore ye do any more." He aimed a kick at Mr. Breen, who dodged it by an inch and went forward with his saw and sawhorse.

"What are you doin' here?" demanded Mr. Jones of Dick.

"After the dinner, sir," he answered.

"Did he have any hand in this, Chips?"

"No, sir. Merely a non-combatant spectator."

"Get out o' this," he said, and then, to the carpenter: "Chips, you're to keep yer hands off other people. I'll see to the men, an' I'll do the fightin'. That's what I'm here for. Give the doctor his knife."

"Vara good, Mr. Jones; but I'll no stand quiet 'fore a knife; I'll assure ye o' that." And the knife whirled through the door and rattled on the brick flooring of the galley.

"All right; an', Doctor, you keep off the deck, or ye'll have me foul o' you."

"Yes, sah," answered the cook from within.

The dignified peacemaker went aft, Chips entered his shop with his bundle of oakum, and the incident closed; but it was apparent to all who had seen that henceforward there would be little of human brotherhood between the carpenter and the cook.

TWENTY-EIGHTH CHAPTER

"WHAT kep' ye so long, younker?" asked Sawyer as Dick entered with the pork. His eight watchmates were seated, on boxes, buckets and chests, around the dish-pan, eating soup. He placed the pork on the floor, seated himself on a bucket, and helped himself to the soup.

"Scrap; Chips floored the cook with a caulking mallet."

"What for?"

"Cook came out with his knife. What kind of provender is this, anyhow? Regular thing?"

"Government allowance; but the Government don't prescribe that it must be good."

"I heave the whole bloody lot out der door," said a red-faced German, arising with his pan.

"Steady as you go, there, Dutch," said Sawyer. "Ye'll only have to lick it up in yer watch below. Sit down."

Dutch subsided, and Dick spooned off a portion of the fat pork. It quivered like jelly and filled the forecastle with its odor. Nor did its appearance speak well for it; it was pale, greasy yellow, speckled with green. "I don't know," said Dick, sitting back against the bunk behind him. "I can eat this when I'm hungry enough, but not yet."

"Plenty o' hard bread in the barge," said Sawyer; "we'll get our pound a day when it's gone; so go easy."

Dick munched hard bread—which happened to be fresh—and the example being set, one by one the men dumped their portions of pease into the dishpan and followed suit. They were a cosmopolitan crowd, representative of most maritime nations, and had already learned each other's names. Dick had given them his *alias*. Besides Sawyer, of Hoboken, there were the excitable German, Wagner; a fair-haired Swede named Swanson; a thin-faced, swarthy Spaniard who gave the name of Pedro, and an equally thin-faced and swarthy Frenchman named Frank; Winskel, a Russian; Peter, a West Indian negro, and Smith, a little, stoop-shouldered Cockney with a villainous accent.

"We'll get this," said Sawyer, "until we tell the skipper who done up the mate last night."

"Who it was?" asked Wagner.

"Don't know, an' don't care; wouldn't tell if I did know. But it was none o' this watch, you bet. Billson's the only man I'd suspect, an' he was dopy all night." Sawyer looked around rather contemptuously.

"Well, Hi'll be jiggered if Hi can stand much o' this sort o' chuck," whined Smith. "Hi'm one for goin' haft an' tellin' the hold man wot he his."

"Oh, shut up. Ye'd give a shipmate away quick enough, but ye wouldn't face anybody aft."

"Wouldn't Hi? Just make up the crowd to back me, Hi say, an' Hi'll do the talkin'," said Smith, arising bravely to his feet; "an' hif ye can't follow me, I might 'ave somethin' to say habout who done hit." He looked steadily at Sawyer, and the long Jerseyite also stood erect. He collared the Cockney, shook him a little, smote him with the open hand on one ear, changed hands and smote the other, then set him down hard on a chest.

"If I'd gone far enough to tackle the mate," he said sternly, "I'd ha' gone farther, an' been in irons 'fore this. Now, sing small. You know that it takes a better lot o' men than this crowd to go aft with any kind o' bluff. You know what it means in a Yankee ship to go aft with a kick about grub, or anything else? Ye'll get nothin' but abuse, and if ye stick out, ye'll get buckshot."

The Cockney, dazed, remained quiet until he recovered.

"I don' know 'bout dot," said Wagner, puffing vigorously to give draught to his pipe. "In my last ship we go aft und we kick about der duff dot had no plooms by it, und der skipper he coom down, und he look, und he give it to der steward, und we get plooms."

"What country ship was it?" demanded Sawyer.

"English—Dunlock Castle."

"That makes all the difference. This is a Yankee ship with a Yankee skipper an' mates. I'm a Yankee—at least, an American—an' kinder proud o' my country; but I'm not proud o' some o' the products, an' I'd rather be in h—l than aboard of a Yankee ship wi' the mates down on me. Don't talk to me 'bout goin' aft, 'less yer ready to murder the afterguard an' take the ship. What then? Can ye navigate? Is there a man here that can even cook the grub? Not one. S'pose ye could. Only a matter o' time when ye'd hang. They always get ye. But ye couldn't get that far. Think of it: here's the skipper with his shotgun and pistols, the big second mate—mate now—steward with a gun in his fist, Chips with his broadax, an' the cook with a knife. An' the cook's a whole team by himself. Made a knife-play on me 'cause I kicked."

"Say, Sawyer," interposed Dick, "admitting that the afterguard runs the watch on deck, does the cook run the watch below in these ships? Does the cook do as he likes? Hasn't he a boss?"

"Steward."

"And is the steward responsible for the way our grub is served—responsible for this?" He pointed to the pan.

"Partly. But I reckon our steward don't dictate much to this cook. Notice him? He ain't bigger'n a pint o' cider."

"Va-as, it was der steward," said Wagner. "He tell der doctor to give us our whack. Der old man didn't say notting."

"Well, Hi'll tell yer wot Hi'm goin' to do," said the rejuvenated Smith. "Hi'm goin' to bryke his bloomin' fyce in first time Hi catch 'im forrard o' the galley door."

"I yump on him mineself," added Swanson approvingly.

"Yes, it wass ze steward," said the Frenchman. "He weigh out ze beef and ze pork; he give ze cook his ordaire."

Pedro, the Spaniard, and Winskel, the Russian, understood English better than they spoke it; and their approving nods and gestures added to the steward's indictment. But before they had formulated a plan of punishment one bell (half past twelve) sounded on deck, and they went out to relieve the other watch, Dick consistently carrying back to the galley the dinner he had brought—the pork dumped into the pea soup and the full pan fitted into the empty.

As he passed the carpenter shop, Chips, who stood in the door with a sober countenance, halted him by a gesture.

"Ye war a weetness, young man, war ye not," he said, "o' that cook's ungovernable temper and unwarranted assault upon me? Leesten; hark ye to that. Heard ye ever the like of it? He's been a-grindin' an' a-sharpenin' of his knife gone fifteen meenutes; an' I vara much fear that it's for me." Chips' bilious face took on a serio-comic expression of terror, which brought a grin to Dick's; but he listened, and heard the "wheese, wheech" of a knife grating on a butcher's steel in the galley.

"He's after you, Chips," he said as he passed on. "You're done for." The knife-grinding ceased as he stopped at the galley door, and the cook appeared—with empty hands.

"You take dat stuff back," he snarled as he looked at the contents of the pan. "What you t'ink I want wi' dat? Dump it over-boa'd."

"Dump it yourself," answered Dick, forgetting the Ensign's injunction to avoid friction in his resentment of the cook's manner and tone.

"Wha' you say? Hey? You talk lak dat to me?"

Dick still held the dishpans in his hands; and as the villainous black face leaned toward him—the teeth bared, the eyes glittering, and the angry contusion in the middle of the forehead rising high out of a network of wrinkles and swollen veins—he obeyed an impulse born of anger, racial hatred and disgust. He lifted the pans, tilted them, and pushed them bodily toward the evil face before him. They landed squarely, and the cook was deluged with the mess; it ran down his face and neck and flooded the floor, and as he blindly struck the pans from his head, he slipped and fell. By this time Dick was far away—around the forward corner of the house with his watchmates, receiving instructions from Mr. Jones. It was an exploit that brought a glance of disapproval from the Ensign as Dick sped past his wood-pile, but joy inexpressible to the dyspeptic carpenter, who had witnessed it from his door. As for Dick, he thought only of consequences—which was natural.

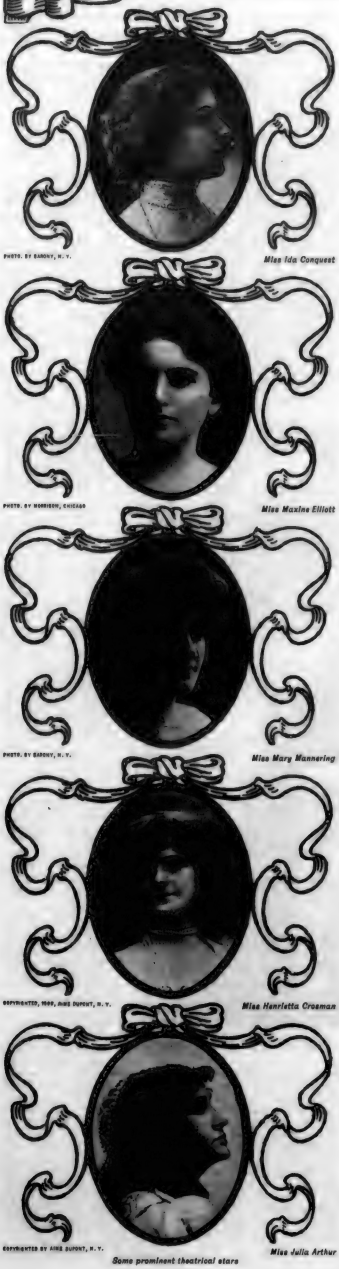
(TO BE CONTINUED)

DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBS

"Shove him out!" he thundered as he leveled the pistols

XUM

"Publick Occurrences"



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Some prominent theatrical stars

A Prosperous Theatrical Season

In a few weeks the theatres of the country will close the most prosperous season in their history. They have never before received such prices and they have never before held so many people as they have during the past seven months.

A curious thing is that theatres profit from both adversity and prosperity. When the times are bad people flock to places of amusement in order to have their minds diverted from their misfortunes. When the times are good they attend in even greater numbers in order to enjoy themselves.

Naturally, prosperity makes the large profits, because the people do not stand upon the rates. During the past winter they have had a few shocks in the way of increases, and have in many instances paid fully fifty per cent. more than the usual prices, but in spite of all this the houses of amusement have generally been crowded, and millions of dollars have been paid to witness the performances. In many cases it has been impossible to secure tickets, and the nuisance of the ticket speculator has remained unabated. We refer to this as an age of cheapness; but such is distinctly untrue in the case of theatres. The charge for seats is not only high now, but is growing higher all the time. To pay from one to five dollars for an entertainment of two hours and a half is a large price for the average person; but in spite of what seems to be extravagance the theatres thrive.

In justice to the managers, it must be considered that for one successful production there are many unsuccessful ones.

A Trust Issue in Theatricals

Practically all the leading theatres in the United States are under the control of one set of men known as the Theatrical Trust. All of them are Hebrews. It is another proof of the strong interest of the Jews in stage work. Some of the most famous of our actors and actresses belong to that race. It is claimed that Edwin Booth came from Jewish ancestry and the same is said of Madame Sarah Bernhardt.

The enterprising monopolists who have succeeded in capturing the stage began their work some ten years ago, and gradually succeeded in forming their combinations, which include not only the places of amusement, but the actors and actresses. They supply with impartial favor all kinds of plays from Ben Hur to Sapho; from The Christian to The Degenerates. On their part it is purely a money-making scheme. Anything that will pay and that the law does not prohibit is presented; and if the law does attempt to interfere the case is contested and the excuse is given that the law is discouraging "art."

At the same time, there has been a distinct improvement in the character of the entertainments.

There is probably no trust which controls a greater percentage of opportunities than the combination regulating the theatrical conditions of this country. A few have tried to stand out against the organization, but they have not had an easy time of it. The policy of the Trust is candid. It has the power of the giant and it uses it like the giant, but with a certain silence that makes it all the more effective. As a large advertiser in all the daily newspapers it possesses a point of vantage, but it must be said to the credit of many of the newspapers that they give full and impartial reports, so that those outside of the Theatrical Trust secure in a remarkable and gratifying manner the justice that is due to them.

It may be remarked further that with all the influences pressing upon them the newspapers of this country are almost miraculously honest.

The actors who are in the Trust declare that it is a good thing for the stage. The actors who are out of the Trust assert that it is a most deplorable condition.

The American Drama

Never in the whole history of the country has the American drama been better patronized than during this present season. It has come from various sources; it has tried to picture rural and city life; it has been taken in a large degree from books; it has striven toward the reproduction of national character and local habitation. There has been nothing distinguished about any of it; but it has shown a disposition toward the utilization of our own resources.

One of the best things about this new departure has been the recognition of distinctly American life by the critics of other countries. Some of our plays have come into vogue in London and in other parts of Europe. We no longer have to translate from the French or from the German in order to afford entertainment for our own people.

It took an American to realize the dramatic possibilities of Sherlock Holmes; it took an American to produce the strenuousness of Western life. So altogether the Americans have played a big part in the dramatic construction of the year.

The Drama from the Books

With few exceptions every successful book of the year has been dramatized. The stage is leaning heavily upon current literature. Practically all of these plays have been successful, and they have been mounted in magnificent style. In one respect it shows the appreciation of free advertising by the theatrical managers. When David Harum sells over 500,000 copies it is natural to suppose that 2000 people will assemble every week-day evening to see the character depicted. So it is with When Knighthood was in Flower and with other novels that have touched a responsive chord. In none of these have the critics agreed that the dramatic construction has been perfect. In fact, most of it has been distinctly irregular and unsatisfactory. The artistic and dramatic equities have been violated; but, of course, the fame of the novel and the advertising that has followed have supplied the deficiencies, and the box-office receipts have given consolation for the animadversions of the professional critic.

Modern Dramatic Stars

One of the developments of modern stage work is that it calls for a much larger number of people to take leading parts. When the association of managers sends a company out through the cities of the country it takes the most likely actors and promotes them at once to leadership, giving them the advertising value of stars and supplying those joys and peculiar romances which go with theatrical publicity.

Thus it is that, in proportion to all other interests in the country, the stage to-day commands a larger part of the newspapers than any other single one. Practically it gets twice if not three times its normal value in newspaper space.

Even the people who do not attend theatrical performances like to read about actors and actresses, and enjoy the stories that are told by them and of them; and the press, in its perfectly legitimate function of giving the people what they want, caters to this desire for gossip and news.

Naturally the public attracts those who are susceptible of flattery and applause, and thus we have each year an increasing number of young men and young women who desire to go on the stage, and it is easy to note that the total number of people who make a profession of entertaining the public now reaches some tens of thousands.

With very few exceptions these people are sincere in their ambitions, and the old idea in regard to the stage has passed away. It is a noble desire to charm, to entertain, to amuse and to arouse a public audience; and the chief means of doing this is the drama.

The Morality of the Masses

Every day the theatre grows more important. Every day the population which makes audiences grows larger. Every day the desire for theatrical entertainment grows stronger. In the big centres of population millions of people are living in apartment houses and their main reliance for diversion is the theatre.

Thus have come the continuous performances and the vaudeville shows, and it is an interesting and valuable criterion of the times that the large crowds of average Americans who attend these performances have compelled them to be not only unobjectionable morally, but to be practically better than most of the dramatic presentations in the larger theatres. It is another manifestation of the fact that the basic strength of the country is in the masses who do not figure in the society reports.

Great Possibilities of the Stage

Intellectually the stage of to-day is clever. In a recent address Bishop Potter, who is one of the broadest and most tolerant of thinkers, and who is as great as a man as he is as an ecclesiastic, said:

"In such an age as ours the clever, smart, unscrupulous man becomes every day a more dangerous foe to the age in which he lives. He demoralizes youth; he destroys manly independence; he deifies greed and gain; and never more than now does the land wait for scholars—scholars who shall be thinkers and seers, eager to find the truth, willing to own and value it when it is discovered; and then with fearless note to tell it out to mankind."

In no respect is this cleverness more strikingly shown than on the stage. It too often panders to cheap desires. In the hurry of its purposes Shakespeare becomes a back number, and the few Shakesperean revivals are mainly to gratify the ambitions of star actors, and are a source of great worry and suffering to the men who sit in the box offices and who measure art by the number of dollars that come into the till.

No one who appreciates the conditions of modern society can possibly underestimate the fact that the stage offers a wonderful opportunity for good or for evil. Fortunately, during the present season its work has not been in behalf of corruption, and this has been largely because the public would not have it that way. Equally, it has not been in the direction of piety and reverence. Its moral value has been as near the neutral line as the campaign of a politician who tries to capture votes in a close district.

But it is felt among all people that there must come a time when a higher note will be sounded in dramatic work. The fact that so many plays have been taken from popular novels is an indication of this promise. The fact that the people are patronizing clean plays and staying away from those performances which are degrading encourages the decent writers to think more of dramatic literature. The fact that practically all of the plays which have come from the other side have had in them elements of indecency has helped enormously the natural disposition of our people toward the better work of our own playwrights.

A fair and general consideration must pronounce the American stage of to-day the best and the cleanest it has ever been—and the costliest.

Men & Women of the Hour

The Head Gardener and the Azaleas

Mrs. John Madison Taylor, a miniature painter, and well known in the society of Philadelphia and Bar Harbor, has had the pleasant experience of receiving a gold medal from London for her exhibition of miniatures—and has been asked to pay for the medal.

It was said by the London judges that her knowledge of color was wonderful. The working out of the flesh tints and the color of the drapery were delightful. That was also the verdict given at an annual exhibition at the Academy of the Fine Arts, in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Taylor works hard and with regularity. The wife of an eminent physician, the mother of two charming daughters, and herself a personage in the social life of the city, she makes the time to remain at her studio every day from nine until one. Her paintings are of interest outside of her skill, because notable men and women of the day go to her studio. President and Mrs. McKinley sat for her last winter, and in Philadelphia she has painted such beautiful women as Mrs. Antonio Stewart and Mrs. Alfred Harrison, and such men as Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.

The London verdict about the color she uses brings out a story of Mrs. Taylor's ancestor, the famous Mr. Grimpkey Drayton, of South Carolina, which shows that the artist's skill in, and love for, color are an inheritance.

Mr. Drayton's estate at Charleston, South Carolina, called Magnolia Hall, is still one of the show places of the South. Before the Civil War it was famed equally for its hospitality and its azaleas.

Mr. Drayton had a passion for azaleas. He knew how to bring out certain colors in their petals that no other man in the world seemed to know. He knew the exact shade that could be reproduced in every petal, and to this end he subtly used odd combinations of chemicals and earth.

He went to Europe and was the guest of one of the great men of England. He was taken to see the azaleas. The head gardener, not knowing who the guest was, went lovingly over the details of every plant. Finally they came to one superb flower, kept apart from the rest. The gardener approached it with awe, and told of how hard he had worked to bring this flower to perfection, and how impossible it was for any one else in Europe to get such coloring.

"Yes, I have such a flower myself," said the tall guest.

The head gardener scowled, repressed his feelings and then said: "Begging your pardon, sir, you don't understand the value of this flower. No such colors have been attained in any azalea in Europe as in this. There is only one man, sir, that does know all about it, and has such colors in his flowers, and he, sir, is a gentleman Providence has never been good enough to let me meet. He raises azaleas in South Carolina, and his name is Drayton."

"I am that Mr. Drayton," said the tall guest.

Miss Severinghaus' City Beautiful

A funny story comes from Chicago regarding a queer misapprehension on the part of certain friends of Miss Vesta E. Severinghaus in regard to the title of a lecture that she was to deliver.

Miss Severinghaus is now the representative in Chicago of the Pan-American Exposition. According to all the traditions of birth and environment she should be accounted among those not to be thought of for a position of this public nature, for she was trained in the strictest doctrines of a faith that holds strenuously to the demand that women shall "keep silence in churches," and remain demurely in the sheltered obscurity of domestic life. But Miss Severinghaus, who is the daughter of an editor, had ideas about current affairs, and quietly set about to put them into execution. One of the first tasks to which she applied herself was the organization in Chicago of a Woman's League of her church, and she is now its president.

How charmingly simple and unworldly was the atmosphere in which Miss Severinghaus spent her girlhood and began her work is indicated by an experience in connection with her first public address on the topic of beautifying Chicago. From the platform she was surprised to see several matrons of her church. While she knew the loyalty of their personal friendship for her, she felt sure they were little interested in the progress of public art in Chicago, and therefore could not account for their presence.

But as the audience was passing out she came upon her friends unawares and overheard the secret of their attendance upon the art meeting. They had taken her subject, The City Beautiful, to refer to the Celestial City, and had come prepared to learn something new about Heaven!

The Vexing of Verdi

Verdi, the great composer, was a philosopher whom no amount of praise could turn from a calm regard of the enthusiasm that his music awakened. Since his death, recently, numerous anecdotes have been told, but none of them illustrates this trait more fully than one which now comes to light.

A friend was endeavoring to impress upon the veteran composer how dear he was to the public. "You make a mistake," was the calm reply. "If the public likes my music it listens and applauds. If it does not like my music it turns its back and walks away. My music that pleases is applauded. I think the public and I are even."

He could not forget, and indicated the fact freshly in these words, that his best successes were refused in the beginning by the audiences that heard them.

Of his Traviata it was said: "What, end the opera with an aria? Verdi cannot even write a chorus to close it."

With the earlier performances of Aida, and because the melody had a tinge of the Oriental, which was necessary to the subject, the cry was raised that Verdi had appropriated Eastern melodies, being unable to compose any of his own.

Thoroughly democratic and simple in his bearing, he listened one day to a long speech made by the Governor of Lombardy at the close of a performance. The speech was to the effect that he wanted the baton with which Verdi had that day conducted, but he took a roundabout and flowery path to express his wish. In the midst of the speech Verdi said curtly, and waving the baton: "Is that what you want? Then take it."

In rehearsal he caused general terror. At one of the earlier rehearsals of his Requiem the nervousness of a trumpeter played strange antics with his tone.

"What instrument do you play at home?" benignly asked Verdi, leaning forward; "the violin?"

Again, in rehearsing the same work, the violoncellos played a passage poorly. The first player of these instruments happened to be the noted virtuoso, Piatti. "I do not play the 'cello myself, Signor Piatti," said Verdi; "but if I tried I should regret doing no better than that." After this the eyes of every 'cellist were glued on his notes, and the trumpeter felt better than he had the day before.

The gentle side of Verdi showed in his daily life, away from music, from which he was glad to escape. His intimate friends, with few exceptions, were of other professions than his own. The surest way for a musician to win his attention and favor was to entertain him with something entirely foreign to his calling.

Mrs. Flint's Musical Charity

The announcement that there is to be "a new edition of the Racquet Galop, by E. Kate Simmons," calls attention to the fact that Americans who achieve exceptional success are generally blessed with exceptional wives. "E. Kate Simmons" has for the last thirteen years been Mrs. Charles R. Flint, wife of the famous export merchant of New York, who is the controlling spirit in many trade combinations and trusts. The Racquet Galop was composed by Mrs. Flint just before her marriage. She was confined to her bed with an attack of illness, and the music came as if by an inspiration. The work of composition was finished in half an hour. It has probably yielded greater returns than any similar composition ever published, and, considering the amount of time spent on it, is without doubt the most profitable piece of music ever composed. The sales inside of a year amounted to over $50,000. Mrs. Flint, or Miss Simmons as she was at that time, received from the publishers, as her royalty, $5000 for her half hour's work, with which she endowed a bed in St. Luke's Hospital in memory of her father and mother.

There is probably not a piano in the country on which the Galop has not been played at one time or another, and when it was first published it swept the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It was so tremendously popular that it was published in half a dozen different arrangements, and in each of them it was snatched up by thousands.

Mrs. Flint is one of the most distinguished looking women in the metropolis. She is the companion and bosom friend of her husband. Her judgment in affairs of the world is singularly strong. As a musician she has a very high rank. In addition to the Racquet composition, she has put out a dozen or more other pieces of music, all of which have been great successes. Her receipts from all these compositions are dedicated to charity.

Biscuit Crumbs from Windsor

Miss Emily Sartain, the daughter of the late John Sartain, artist, and herself the head of the School of Design for Women in Philadelphia, tells a little incident of a visit to Queen Victoria.

Miss Sartain was a member of the International Council of Women, and they were invited to meet the Queen at Windsor Castle. The Queen met them in the driveway. The women were lined up on either side of the road, and the carriage of Queen Victoria passed slowly through the line, the Queen bowing to right and left. After the royal carriage passed out of the gate the Countess of Aberdeen invited the women, in the Queen's name, into Windsor Castle to have tea. Long tables were spread in St. George's Gallery, with biscuits, fruit and fancy cakes, and hot tea was served.

Miss Sartain remembered her aunt, who was living with her in Philadelphia, but who was born before the English Queen, and had gone to school at Windsor. So she decided to put one of the little English biscuits into her pocket, and send it to her aunt in America.

She slipped the little wafer into the pocket of her skirt, and hurried, with a friend, to catch a train for London—then down sat Miss Sartain on the biscuit, never once thinking of such a thing as a back pocket and its contents.

Not till midnight did she remember the biscuit—then, diving into her pocket, she found nothing but crumbs!

Miss Sartain gathered the crumbs together, wrapped them in tissue paper, and mailed them to America. And the aunt swallowed them loyally and said, "God save the Queen!"

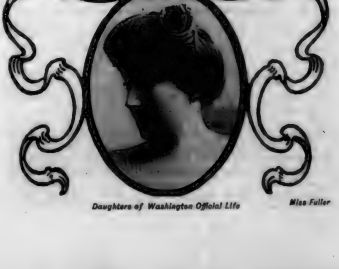
Miss Brewer

Miss Wilson

Miss Cooper

PHOTO. BY CLINEDINST, WASHINGTON, D.C.

Miss Alice Hay



Daughters of Washington Official Life

Miss Fuller

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA
421 to 427 Arch Street

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1901

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5 Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 173 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company. It now has a paid circulation of more than 300,000 copies weekly.

SPRING fever has arrived. It always comes ahead of the calendar. Generally it is announced by advertisements telling of remedies that will cure the tired feeling. Occasionally a bluebird comes along to sound a note, and, finally, under the leaves some one finds a snowdrop or a violet, and everybody begins to grow weary. The disease is largely mental and the sovereign cure for it is work.

THERE is in the official regulations of the proceedings of Congress a leave to print; and every year the abuse of the privilege becomes more interesting and more picturesque. Some time ago a member secured the insertion of one of his own poems that filled page after page. At another time a member printed an entire book, and a few days before Congress adjourned another member had printed about 20,000 words of addresses and newspaper quotations, ranging from an arraignment of Mr. Hanna to quotations from Hosea Biglow and the full reproduction of Mr. Kipling's poem, the Recessional. It included a large extract from Mark Twain's recent magazine article, and other copyrighted material. Of course the Congressmen in appropriating all these ideas are trenching somewhat remarkably on the rights of the publishers; but it must be remembered that the publishers are men of liberal minds, and they are probably glad, even at the sacrifice of their own interests, to add to the value of the Congressional Record.

Prosperity and Piety

FROM several of the large cities of the country come complaints that the young people are apathetic in their church duties and that the spread of prosperity has affected the general piety.

It is curious how history repeats itself. Just a century ago the same complaints were made. The indifference of the young people amazed and discouraged the clergy. Neither they nor their parents could get them to attend church regularly. In that case, however, there was an explanation. The rigors and fears of the long war for independence had disciplined the people, and the church became a natural centre for the interests of the family and of its social life. This continued with the poverty that succeeded the war, but after a while the material conditions began to improve and, with a larger life and more money to spend, the young folks broke loose from the rigors which had held them back.

The complaints of to-day are by no means new, even in the recent years. Nor are they altogether justified by the facts, for there never was a time in the country's history when so many young people were banded together in religious associations or when they took a larger part in the actual conduct of the churches.

Still, this might possibly be a good subject for the debating society: Does Prosperity Make People Good?

The Sheriff or the Chaperon

RECENTLY, during what the newspapers please to call a "sensational murder trial" in a Western city, testimony was put on the record which indicates rather broadly a condition that is interesting to students of society, if not alarming to moralizers. The man who was slain and the slayer moved, according to the newspapers, in the circle known as the best society of the city. The motive of the crime was jealousy. The name of the young woman thus brought into the case occurs frequently in the printed list of those present at the most important social gatherings in the town. Yet the testimony in the murder case developed the fact that in entertaining her young man friends in her father's house conversation ran glibly over topics that are not topics for conversation.

Democracy has removed much romance from life. The daily newspaper which every young person reads speaks plainly at its best and pruriently at its worst of every possible situation in human existence. The billboards along the street-car line proclaim shamelessly those facts of life which a few generations ago were not spoken of "in the presence of Mrs. Micawber." The theatre makes stage pictures of scenes which gentlemen at their club can only hint in pauses in the dialogue. The heroes of historical novels of the day get into dramatic messes that should send the gentle reader into hysterics with shocked modesty. But the gentle reader only puts a finger in the next leaf ahead in the volume and reads on.

And with all this frank and undisguised discussion before them of matters once tabooed, young people are turned into the front parlor alone to spend evenings, and when the talk runs into swamps, the world in the back parlor is astounded. And this brings up the question: What are we going to do about it? One can't change the civilization which sends the town-crier around with a bell to herald the knowledge of good and evil. One can hardly put blinders on the girls and ear-muffs on the boys. It will do no more good to prohibit than to regret. Young people must live in the world that now is, and live cleanly and wholesomely and "without any amazement." But they must have help from their elders.

The American custom of allowing boys and girls absolute liberty in their courtship, of allowing love-making "at all hours," is responsible for much that is disagreeable in society. Too many affairs like the one above mentioned out West are getting into the tax receipts of citizens through court costs. If young people are not guided and controlled in some degree by their elders, the law will have to step in and regulate these matters. If parents persist in shunning the parlor as a place forbidden to them, if mothers turn their daughters over to the newspapers and billboards and theatres and novels for spiritual refreshment and confidence, if fathers let their sons get their education and moral ideals from the street, then the world must not complain at the sight of its tax bills.

It is pretty nearly a question whether the chaperon or the sheriff shall step in, and regulate or control the Sunday night performance in the parlor. —WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

The independence which the United States will give Cuba is beautifully done up in red tape with the long end in Washington.

The Unimportance of Rank

RECENTLY there have been numerous naval promotions, and by the grace of the President and Senate we have more rear-admirals, more captains, more commanders than ever before. And this is all very nice, and no one surely will object, and the naval men are duly happy.

But neither the naval officers nor the public should ever forget that rank, after all, is immaterial compared with achievement. It is all very well to race with each other for the high titles, but a high title alone is a slim possession; and if a man does a great act none cares what his title is.

Dewey and Manila would be just as memorable even if he were not an admiral; and most people, even those most enthusiastic about his great victory, do not remember what his title was when he won the fight. Whether it was captain, commander, commodore, rear-admiral—all that is immaterial—the main fact is that he was Dewey at Manila.

When Farragut, in command of a fleet, won his great triumph at New Orleans he was only a captain. But as a captain he won immortal fame, and his subsequent advance in rank did not increase that fame.

Oliver Hazard Perry performed one of the most wonderful exploits in the history of our country. On the very shores of Lake Erie he built a fleet in the face of almost insuperable obstacles; and then he sailed that fleet out upon the lake and defeated the absolutely confident British. "We have met the enemy and they are ours," was his famous dispatch, and there is something almost humorous, in the light of the history of American promotions since then, in the fact that he was "advanced to the rank of captain" for his marvelous achievement. It would, after all, however, have been no greater achievement even if he could have called himself an admiral. As a matter of popular courtesy he is popularly referred to as "Commodore."

And take John Paul Jones. In the service of America he won immortal renown, but gained a far from lofty title. In our War of Independence he won glory. When that war was over he gained his high title—that of rear-admiral in the service of Russia—but does any one for a moment believe that his fame was in the slightest degree higher for that?

The French soldiers loved to call Napoleon "the Little Corporal," and in no better way could they have shown that it was the man himself that they loved and for whom they would willingly die—and not the title of general or emperor.

It might almost be said that we have as many officers in our Army and Navy now as we had enlisted men but a few years ago. Major-generals, brigadier-generals, rear-admirals, commodores, colonels, captains—and it is a funny thing, but absolutely true, that most of the men who hold, for example, the rank of rear-admiral, bear names that mean little or nothing to nine out of ten of our citizens. No doubt they have served the country well—but, after all, a mere title isn't better than "Mr."

And so it is that it is the achievement that counts and not the title. Let a man do something notable and his act will be remembered. He may or may not be rewarded with a title and a decoration. That makes no difference. The poor Boers were no nearer being beaten merely because General Roberts was made an earl and given a garter, nor was his own fame increased.

When Grant, after striking victories, found himself subject to the jealous whims of Halleck—was Grant, the brigadier-general, less great than the major-general, his superior officer? Was it the man or the title that counted in the estimation of the public?

No. It is the act that counts: the duty bravely done, the achievement brilliantly performed. After that, the title itself is nothing. Without that, the title is also nothing.

—ROBERT SHACKLETON.

Happiness is a relative term but not always the term of relatives.

Great Men with No Taste for Music

HOW many imperfect great men there are in the world—men of extraordinary ability as statesmen, lawyers, orators, captains, inventors or writers—who yet lack some sense possessed by men in general, and are thus shut out from sources of exquisite enjoyment! How many great men have no ear for music—for even the divinest strains of that art which, as Beethoven said, is the mediator between the spiritual and the sensual life—that art which Addison characterized as comprising "all of Heaven we have below," and Luther as "one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy."

The celebrated English orator and statesman, William Wyndham, once observed that four of the greatest men he ever knew cared nothing for music—Burke, Fox, Pitt and Doctor Johnson. It is not strange that Boswell's hero, who thought that a dirty, gloomy street in the modern Babel he lived in, with its jangling noises, was a more agreeable prospect than the most picturesque landscape in the world, should be so insensible to the charms of the art to whose delicious strains Mirabeau, in his last words, expressed his desire to die. Who could expect that a man who was so insensible to the charms of Milton's Lycidas as to tell Anna Seward that he "would hang a dog that read that poem twice," would listen with delight even to strains that "might create a soul under the ribs of death?" It would have been wonderful if the great literary potentate had not wondered that any man of common-sense could be so weak and foolish as to acknowledge the influence of music over his feelings. He once bought him a flageolet, but "could never make out a tune."

The great lawyer, Sir Matthew Hale, was utterly indifferent to the most ravishing melodies and harmonies. Pepys tells us in his Diary that the famous, or rather infamous, Duke of Lauderdale used to say that he had rather hear a cat mew than listen to the finest music in the world, and the better the music the sicker it made him. That fastidious and finical literary gossip, wit and amateur, "to whom serious business was a trifle and to whom trifles were his serious business"—Sir Horace Walpole—had no taste for music; yet he declared deliberately: "Had I children, my utmost endeavors would be to make them musicians." Doctor Chalmers loved a Scotch air, but to the charms of all other, even the divinest melodies, was as deaf as an adder. Charles Lamb, who says that he was constitutionally susceptible to noises, and that a carpenter's hammer in a warm summer noon would fret him with more than midsummer madness, affirms that "these unset, unconnected sounds were nothing to *the measured malice of music.*" Nevertheless, the gentle essayist adds that he had been practicing God Save the King all his life, whistling and humming it over to himself in solitary corners, but could not arrive within many quavers of it.

The amiable Scotch philosopher, Sir James Mackintosh, who, according to Sydney Smith, lacked a gall-bladder, lacked also that sense which makes music grateful to the ear. Voices like that of the lady in Milton's Comus, which

> "Rose like a stream of rich distill'd perfumes,
> And stole upon the air,"

and, again, voices

> "Such as the melting soul do pierce,
> In notes with many a winding 'bout
> Of linked sweetness long drawn out,"

were to him no more than any other voices. Voltaire hated and despised the art of sweet sounds. Grétry says of him that he would sit with a discontented look while music was playing, which fact, considering what French music then was, might argue a better rather than a worse ear than that of his neighbors. On the other hand, his crowned friend and fellow-freethinker, Frederick the Great, of Prussia, had a profound and passionate love for music, and played on the flute at his private concerts. Rousseau, the father of modern radicalism, was a profound and enthusiastic musician; but John Calvin persecuted the divine art as a snare of the Evil One, as did his friend, John Knox, the rugged reformer of Scotland. —WILLIAM MATHEWS.

The World's Greatest Syndicate

By Forrest Crissey

THE greatest literary syndicate in the world is conducted without a penny of profit; its editorial staff receives no compensation for services and meets but once a year; its sanctum is as itinerant as the traditional circuit rider; and its total yearly expenditures would scarcely cover the expense account of the average war correspondent for a single month of active service in the field—yet every article prepared by this monster syndicate has a circulation of more than twenty million copies, which appear simultaneously in every part of the civilized world! And in point of influence it may be stated with emphasis that no other agent of publicity compares with this unique application of the distinctively modern idea of centralization, for every copy of its literary productions is read and studied with a seriousness accorded few other pages.

The name by which this chief of literary syndicates is most commonly known is The International Sunday-School Lesson Series, and the vast dimensions to which it has attained afford one of the most remarkable and striking evidences to-day apparent in the world of the vitality and power of evangelical Christianity. The wonder of this achievement is emphasized by the reflection that little more than thirty-five years ago the Sunday School where the same lesson occupied the attention of all the pupils was the exception, and in many schools a half dozen different lessons were taught at the same session to the various classes. Now, twenty million teachers and pupils simultaneously study the same lesson.

The Wide Scope of the Organization

The central editorial staff of this mammoth syndicate is the American Lesson Committee, which holds its next meeting in New York on April 17, 1901. It has, however, an auxiliary body of associates known as the British Section, to which its work is submitted for amendment and concurrence. As the members of this section are divided between England, Australia and India, it will be seen that the entire editorial organization covers three continents. America, however, exerts the dominant influence, for the initiative rests with the American Committee and the movement had its birth in Chicago.

Simplicity and dignity characterize this body and its deliberations. Formalism and red tape are avoided, and things move with a quiet speed which shows the organization to be thoroughly in touch with the business spirit of the age.

Generally the sessions are held in the parlor of a hotel and behind closed doors. They gather about a large library table, at the head of which sits the chairman, with the secretary at his right. If all members are present the roll-call is answered by fifteen, but it is seldom that all are able to attend. It has so frequently happened that thirteen have sat at this council table, that this occurrence has ceased to be the subject of even laughing comment. A few moments of prayer and Scripture reading invariably open and close each session. Then the secretary reads all the important correspondence and is instructed regarding its disposition. This is followed by the presentation of memorials and petitions. Scores of these have been presented, and some have been both massive in bulk and fervent in tone, containing thousands of names. Many of the most animated discussions in the history of the committee have been in regard to petitions. Those which attained to the most unwieldy dimensions and provoked the warmest opinions were the ones presented by the pioneers of the temperance movement in the days before it had achieved its present popularity and strength. Now this problem is effectually settled by having, in each quarter, one lesson devoted especially to temperance.

The Men Who Search the Scriptures

Next in routine at each session comes the hearing of reports from sub-committees, the most important of these sub-committees being those for researches in the Old and New Testaments. These are composed of men of the ripest scholarship, who are regarded as high authorities in the special fields of the two grand divisions of the Scriptures. These sub-committees usually meet about four months in advance of the General Lesson Committee and prepare selections and suggestions to be submitted to the larger body. Matters involving questions of translation from the Greek or Hebrew or points of Biblical history are referred to these specialists.

A common teacher's Bible is in the hands of every man at the long table, and few, if any, are without a copy of the revised version. These, together with several copies of the Old and New Testaments in the original Hebrew and Greek, are the main tools used in this conference. After the preliminary program has been carried out, the committee applies itself directly to the task of preparing the lessons.

The present American Lesson Committee was appointed in 1896 by the Triennial International Sunday-School Convention, which is the parent organization to which it must render an account of its stewardship. Preparation of the lessons for the six years beginning with 1900 and ending with 1905 was the responsibility which this committee faced when it met for the first time, in Philadelphia, in 1897. The most important work came at the outset of its deliberations—that of laying out the land in a broad and general way for the series of six years' lessons. As in the composition of an opera, the first effort was to strike a strong and distinct theme which should run through the whole series.

The theme chosen was the life of Christ and of the great prophets, leaders and apostles—the biographical outlook upon Bible history. Then came the selection of the method by which this scheme should be elaborated and developed. After much discussion the chronological order of study was chosen as the most cohesive and as offering a departure from all former courses. Next came the division of time between the Old and the New Testaments. To the former was allotted two and one-half years and to the latter three and one-half years, the first eighteen months being devoted directly to the life of Christ. After this the biographical thread was to be followed in sections of six months of study, alternating between the old and the new Scriptures. This, and this only, was the work accomplished at the initial meeting of the committee. An abstract of the proceedings was formulated and a copy mailed to each member of the British section—six in England, one in Australia and one in India.

The next gathering of this editorial council was in Washington, D. C., in the latter part of 1897.

"What has the British section done with the plan?" was the main question in the mind of every member of the American Committee. Anything like unanimity on the part of the "corresponding members," as they are sometimes called, in the rejection of the proposed scheme would have resulted in its abandonment and the preparation of another outline. But the general plan was accepted. Then the committee applied itself to a more detailed outline of the lessons for the first two years of the period to be covered.

The Rigorous Process of Final Choice

At this stage of proceedings—for the methods of the present committee have long been carefully followed and its history is that of its predecessors—begins the rigorous process of sifting and selection which ultimately results in a series of completed lessons. With regard to each lesson the first question asked is: "From what book and chapter shall it be taken?" Two things must be rigorously held in mind in every consideration directly involved in the choice of the lessons. The selections must be held high above all denominational and controversial tides and issues. For this reason the strong doctrinal portions of the Scriptures, like the book of Romans, are generally avoided. Not less important or imperative is the second requirement that every lesson shall be within the mental scope and grasp of the average American boy or girl of school age, and that at least a portion of each lesson and each golden text shall have a power and simplicity sufficient to catch and hold the attention of the toddlers of the infant and primary classes. After the chapter has been decided upon the next task is to select for publication in the lesson leaves and quarterlies those passages in which are crystallized the spirit and essence of the chapter.

Then the focus of selection becomes sharper until it centres upon the one passage which is the gem of the lesson. It is seldom or never that a passage over which the storms of critical controversy have raged is used as a golden text. Indeed, it is designed to keep the body of the lesson as clear of those verses which are fruitful of disputation as is possible.

Almost as difficult a task as the choice of golden texts is the giving of appropriate names to the various lessons. Here, again, the committee must be keenly alert to avoid the slightest shading to which the most violent and narrow spirit of criticism might take exception.

At the end of each quarter there is given a comprehensive quarterly review. This must be chosen and formulated with great discretion to avoid the rocks of denominational leanings and secular criticism. When the lessons for the quarter have been chosen, the selections are subjected to a critical examination regarding their relation to the lessons of the whole year. In the same manner, the completion of the selections for a year is the signal for a patient reexamination of every lesson with special reference to the manner in which the year's series fits into the plan for the period and for the entire six years embraced in the work of the committee. Then the lessons thus definitely selected by the American committee are printed on strong paper, much in the form familiar to the eye of the habitual attendant upon the Sunday School, and copies are forwarded to the British section. When these come back across the seas, with annotations and suggestions, they are again subjected to discussion.

At last the block of one year's lessons is adopted and sent to the first members of what may be termed the principal subscribers to the world's largest literary syndicate. These are mainly the great denominational publishing houses, the men who have won fame as writers and commentators on Sunday-School literature, and a few of the foremost primary teachers. These publishers and the specialists employed by them bear the expenses of the Lesson Committee, which generally amounts to less than $600 a meeting. The experts in primary instruction subject the lessons to practical tests in private experimental classes. If any marked defects in the selections are brought to light by this analysis in what may be termed the Sunday-School Laboratory, the committee is given the benefit of the discovery.

In ample time for the denominational publishing houses to print their lesson leaflets and quarterlies, the secretary of the American committee gives notice that the series is released for general publication.

Breaking into a Church for Prayer

Although the late Dwight L. Moody was never a member of the committee, he was closely concerned in the circumstance which gave to Sunday-School work in the West that impetus which eventually resulted in bringing about "one lesson for the whole world." In the dark days of 1864 Mr. Moody and Mr. B. F. Jacobs and Rev. J. H. Harwood were young men with more enthusiasm and interest in Sunday-School work than money. They determined to have a successful Sunday-School convention at Springfield, the State capital, in order to rally the movement from the relaxation it had suffered by reason of the Civil War.

The convention was called for a certain Tuesday, but these earnest young men decided to arrive on the scene of action on the preceding Friday to arouse the residents of Springfield to action. They arrived there at four o'clock in the morning. Those were days of early rising, and, as they wished to be about their mission without delay, they decided it would be extravagant to go to the hotel and take a bed when they could only sleep for three hours at longest. Therefore they walked about the capital and discussed their plans. Their hearts burned within them, and Mr. Jacobs suggested that they go to the Baptist church and see if they could not force an entrance in order to spend the morning in prayer and Bible reading. A window was pried open and they crawled into the church as stealthily as if they were burglars. While Mr. Moody was kneeling at the bench behind the pulpit, praying with all the power and simplicity which characterized his later work as an evangelist, the two heard a key turn in the door. Then all was still again. After Moody's supplication that a great spiritual movement might have its beginning with that hour of morning devotion, they arose and heard the greeting: "I don't know who you are, brethren, but I bid you welcome." This was the pastor, Rev. Dr. Miner. Sunday afternoon, at a union service, young Moody gave a remarkable demonstration of his power to win an audience.

Enlisting a Hoosier Circuit Rider

The addresses of these two young men became historic, for a religious revival became general through the city before the Sunday-School convention assembled. From that moment the Sunday-School work did not languish. Then several energetic leaders of the movement established a paper known as the Chicago Sunday-School Teacher. Uniformity in lessons was then a vague idea, even in the mind of Mr. Jacobs. Rev. John H. Vincent became the editor of this monthly, which contained various sets and series of lessons. Soon he resigned and went to New York to enter denominational work. Just then the Chicago Sunday-School men heard of a "bright young Hoosier circuit rider, by the name of Edward Eggleston, who showed strong literary talent." He was called to succeed

(*Concluded on Page 32*)

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The Only Son of His Mother

By Florence Morse Kingsley

PERCHED half way up the hillside, and overhung with green branches like a linnet's nest, was the house; little and low and old, its moss-grown, earthen roof, gay in springtime with myriad blossoms, which flaunted their gay silken heads in the soft air. Later, the great plain beneath would send up parching heats, and the steady, unwinking stare of the sun would parch the clay roof till it was bare and brown as the active hands of Elizabeth, who toiled from dawn until evening in house and garden.

Far below lay the vast level stretches of Esdraelon, studded with blossoming groves and orchards, and flecked with wandering droves of cloud-shadows. Above straggled the steep, irregular streets of the village, half hidden among luxuriant gardens and vineyards, and guarded by an ancient wall, ruinous and decayed, but still boasting the dignity of a gate on the east and one on the west. These gates were duly opened at sunrise and closed at sunset, to the satisfaction of the inhabitants, who had thus maintained the name and state of a city through uncounted generations.

To Elizabeth, cheerful and busy in her own little nest of a house, with its well-ordered garden, its triple rows of grapevines and its half score of olives and pomegranate trees, it mattered little that a daily miracle of beauty was performed before her eyes; the wide meadows of Esdraelon, green as lucent emerald in the warm springtime, russet and gold in summer, and purple with brooding mists in the bleak winter days, held for her but one interest. Her child was there. Ira, the son of Elizabeth, was scarce more than a boy; yet he had done man's work for the rich vintner, Resen, for the space of six and thirty moons.

"He is a well-grown lad—is my son," Elizabeth would boast to the women who gathered at the fountain with their pitchers, "a well-grown lad, and industrious beyond belief. Find for me a thistle in my bit of a vineyard, or a weed in my bed of herbs! Come, I will pay any one of you a silver penny for a single leaf! And never a farthing piece of his wage that does not find its way to my hand!" Then she would nod her head and show her white teeth with a smile of pride and joy.

As for the neighbors, they did not grudge a word of praise for the lad. Was he not the only son of his mother—and she a widow? He was a handsome boy, moreover, with a ready laugh like his mother's, and was well liked on his own account. Already there was talk of a marriage betwixt the widow's son and Arnon, the prettiest maid in the village. It was reported that the matter of dowry was as good as settled, and that Arnon would be sewing the wedding talith before winter.

"It is true that I have been sorely afflicted," Elizabeth was wont to add at such times; "more, I may say, than any one of you." This last with a mournful pride, as of one who has been distinguished and set apart in a notable manner. "Who of you all, I ask, has bewailed a husband; and after him—one—two—three sons, and a daughter? Rachel, yonder, can tell you that my eyes were all but blind with weeping, and my voice gone from me with shrilling for the departed. For all left me in a twelvemonth, treading, as it were, upon one another's heels in their haste to be gone. Then there was but the one, Ira, and he a wailing morsel of a babe. I had scarce spirit to hold him in these arms."

"But he was always a fine child!" put in old Rachel, wagging her withered forefinger. "Did I not tell thee even in those days that all was not over for thee?"

"Thou hast spoken!" cried the widow exultantly, her quick-glancing dark eyes filling with tears of joy; "there was never a finer child from the first day of his breath until now. I have said a thousand times—and I say it once more in presence of you all—that Jehovah hath requited me. Now what, may I ask, can many children advantage one if they be lean and sickly, or if they be froward and disobedient, idle and given to wine-bibbing and gluttony? Is not one like to my son better than a score of such?"

In the fields of Resen, the rich vintner, the widow's son toiled from dawn until evening every day except the Sabbath day, and he pleased his master right well. If any lingered in the pleasant shade of the tamarisk trees in the hot noontides beyond the appointed time, the vintner might be sure that the son of Elizabeth was not among them. Yet it was true that it was sometimes difficult for one to fall diligently to work at the exact moment when the black shadow of the noonstone fell athwart the green withe set up by Resen to mark the limit of the rest hour. And this more especially when the mighty Ben Hazar was relating marvelous legends out of the Talmud and the Mishna; for Ben Hazar was of near kin to a rabbi, and therefore had learning.

Many of these strange stories had to do with the long-expected Messiah of Israel, and young Ira's heart beat loud in his bosom when on one such occasion Ben Hazar assured them that the great rabbi, Ben Jothan, his kinsman, had declared in his hearing, not three moons since, that there were rumors abroad in the regions of Gallilee of a strange new prophet, one Jesus of Nazareth, who had performed wonders beyond the power of mortal man. Water had been turned into wine at a wedding feast in Cana; lepers and paralytic folk had been healed; devils, both dumb and speaking, had been cast out, with other marvels past the telling.

"It is still a question," Ben Hazar had added, pursing up his mouth judicially and frowning—as was the manner of the rabbi, his kinsman—"as to whether this man Jesus is not himself devil-possessed; of a strong and superior demon, assuredly, and therefore able to dominate the lesser forces of evil at work among men. I have myself known a sorcerer—one Simon Bar Jesus, who, by means of an unguent curiously compounded of the fat of new-born babes and the ashes of holy men dead thrice three hundred years, was able to cure the evil eye."

"Did this man, Bar Jesus, heal lepers also?" demanded Ira, his brown cheeks flushed crimson with excitement.

Ben Hazar drew his grizzled brows together. "I never heard that he did. For myself, I must needs look into this matter of the Nazarene with my own eyes. To-morrow I shall not come to the vineyard; I shall go instead to Capernaum. The man is there to-day, to-morrow, and it may be longer. Assuredly I shall have the worth of my wage if I but behold a miracle!"

"And thou wilt see him?" whispered the lad, half under his breath. A sudden desire had sprung up in his heart, potent, irresistible. If only he might see this wonderful man—this Jesus of Nazareth! He resolved to lay the matter before his mother.

In the garden that evening when the sun had sunken behind the violet range of mountains, and the great fertile plain of Esdraelon lay at their feet a dusky sea, touched here and there with furtive twinkles of light, like faint reflections of the solemn stars which burned in the blue depths overhead, Ira told his mother of the man, Jesus of Nazareth. "I wish to see him, mother," he said, when he had repeated all that Ben Hazar had related under the tamarisk trees. "Let me go to-morrow to find him; he is in Capernaum."

Elizabeth threw up her hands with an exclamation of displeasure. "Capernaum!" she cried. "Surely thou art losing thy wits, son. Capernaum is more than a day's journey from here—more than a score of miles!"

"But I could go and return, my mother, betwixt dawn and evening," pleaded the lad. "If only I might see him!"

"Think no more of the matter," interposed the woman, raising her voice. "Have I not boasted myself openly that my son is no idler; and shall I see thee waste a whole day—nay, more likely two—and lose thy wage, that thou mayest run after a sorcerer? Not so."

Then observing the boy's downcast face, and bethinking herself that he was no longer a child, and that she was in truth no more than a woman, and therefore the lawful inferior of a man—however young—she went on in a tone of beseeching: "Listen to me now, son of my soul—for although I am but thy mother I have yet a little wisdom, together with much love. I also have heard of this Nazarene; at the fountain he has been spoken of, and in the market-place. He is not Messiah, but only a carpenter, the son of a carpenter, who has worked with his hands for many years. Nay, he is no more and no better than thou art, lord of my house! These are but idle tales; Ben Hazar is a purveyor of great, swollen fables, as all the

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world knows. Hear, also, what I shall tell thee, son; I have in the strong box within—how much, thinkest thou? A hundred pence—lacking but seven pieces! When the seven shall be added I go straightway to the mother of Arnon and demand her for thee. And now wilt thou idle away two—three days, to run after the son of a carpenter, eh? Bring me the seven pence, lad, and thou shalt have a holiday indeed!"

Ira looked down at his strong brown hands in silence. He loved his mother; also he had a great, though secret, tenderness for the beautiful young maid of whom his mother had spoken. Yet stronger than either—though why he knew not—was this new-born desire to see the wonderful stranger. Seven pence—and they stood betwixt him and a sight of Jesus of Nazareth!

On the following morning he found Resen, the master of the vineyard, in an angry humor. "That lazy animal, Ben Hazar, is again absent!" he cried. "Sacred blood, but I could beat him with this staff till my arm dropped at my side! And who now will haul up the buckets from the river to-day—and the vines parching with drought?"

The labor of hauling up the heavy buckets with the slow-turning windlass was terrible; the absent Ben Hazar was a giant in strength, and performed it easily. The other laborers eyed the motionless wheel stolidly; no one offered himself for the task.

Resen frowned more angrily than ever. "Lazy hinds, all!" he cried loudly, turning his back upon them. "And ye know right well that the wage is double what ye earn amongst the vines."

Ira started forward. "Two pence?" he asked timidly; "is it two pence that thou wilt pay?"

Resen regarded him sourly. "Two pence—yes; I have said it. Canst thou do it?"

"Yes," said Ira firmly; "I will do it."

Some of the others shrugged their shoulders as they turned away. They knew that Ben Hazar received four pence for every day that he worked from dawn until sunset. But this, in truth, concerned none of them.

The work was hard, terribly hard. Before noon the boy's hands were blistered, and every fibre of his young body ached with fatigue; but the thought that in four days he should be the possessor of eight pence nerved him to the task. "I will have a holiday," he said to himself; "I will find Jesus of Nazareth." Also he thought shyly of Arnon, with her soft black eyes, and her cheeks, brown and softly dimpled like the shifting surface of the fountain. Only seven pence between him and all this happiness!

That night he was too weary to eat his supper, and afterward tossed and moaned loudly in his sleep, so that Elizabeth crept into his chamber thrice to lay her cool fingers on his forehead. "It is the heat of the sun," she murmured anxiously. "He ought, perhaps, to rest a day in the shade."

But the next morning found the lad eager for his task. "I must make haste, my mother," he said, smiling into her troubled face, "to fetch the seven pence. Afterward, remember, I am to have a holiday."

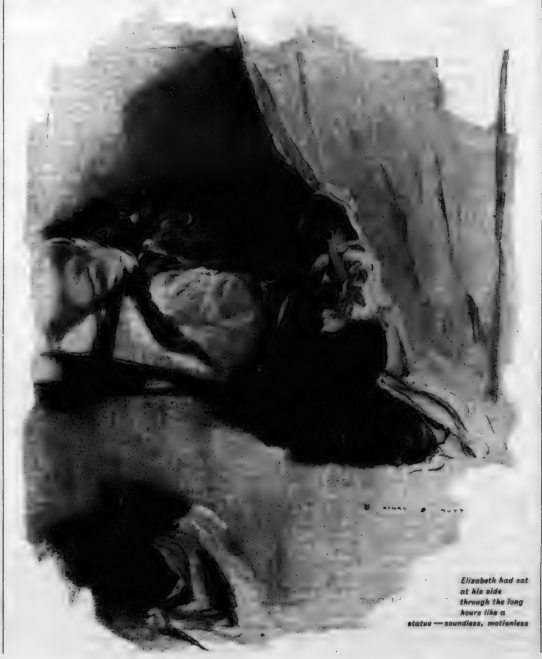
"A holiday!" cried Elizabeth; "ah, so sets the wind! Ay, a holiday and a bride for thee, son of my soul; garlands, also, and feasting—even the feast of betrothal!"

It was this, she thought, which ailed the lad and kept him from sleeping quietly as was his wont; and her glad fancy ran nimbly forward into the years which lay before. A betrothal: a wedding—ah, such a wedding, with dancing and music and feasting! and the whole village at the doors to praise and bless the bride and throw handfuls of flowers and parched corn at the feet of the handsome bridegroom. Later there would be the sound of children's voices in the little house; sons and daughters once more under the old roof. "Truly Jehovah hath requited me," she sang. "I will praise Him with my whole heart!"

Meanwhile, Ira, in the damp, exhausting heat of the plain below, toiled ceaselessly at the windlass. As the slow hours passed, the creaking chain sang in his ears a strange song, and the figures of the laborers, passing and repassing among the serried ranks of vines, loomed up vast and unsubstantial as the figures in a dream.

"Dolt, thou art no longer filling the buckets!" shouted Resen angrily, raising his staff. Then he swore a great oath and stood stock still, staring with bulging eyes. The straining figure at the wheel wavered and sank sidewise to the ground; the creaking chain rasped and spluttered harshly in its rapid descent to the river, while the clumsy wooden handle of the windlass, thicker than a man's arm, smote the prostrate figure twice—thrice—four times with a dull crash.

They stared at him stupidly as he lay motionless in the hot sunshine, a thin stream



Elizabeth had sat at his side through the long hours like a statue—soundless, motionless

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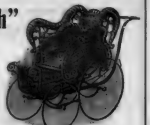

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of blood making its slow way amongst the parched and dusty weeds at their feet.

"Why do you stand there like dumb cattle?" cried Resen, recovering himself of a sudden. "You are my witnesses that this day's work is none of my doing! Pick him up, you, Dan and Jachan! Take him away to his house."

And so they brought him to his mother. He breathed through that day and night, slowly, painfully. At dawn he opened his eyes; they were misty with swift-approaching death. "I shall see Him!" he cried faintly; and with the cry his soul passed.

Elizabeth had sat at his side through the long hours like a statue—soundless, motionless. But at the voice of that cry she fell forward on her face.

At the hour betwixt high noon and the setting of the sun on that same day—as was the custom—they carried him forth to his burial. His young face, upturned to the blue sky, was both sweet and smiling; on his heart lay three lilies, dropped there by the fairest maid in all the village, Arnon, her dark eyes swollen with weeping, and all the dimpling laughter fled from her brown cheeks. Beside the green-garlanded bier tottered Elizabeth, blind with grief, crazed with anguish. "My son, my son!" she moaned feebly, the strident shrilling of the flutes and the mournful wailing of the women falling unheeded on her dull ears.

Down the long, straggling street of the village passed the little procession; and all the people, both young and old, beholding it, burst into loud cries of grief, and, dropping their various vocations, followed the corpse.

"Alas! alas!" they cried. "Alas! for the young man in his strength! Alas! for the tree cut down before the day of his fruitage! Alas! for the desolate woman! Surely Jehovah hath smitten—hath stricken her; with sore affliction hath He bowed her to the ground, like a vine that is withered!"

And now befell a strange thing—assuredly the strangest thing in all the weary tale of earth's sorrows. Uncounted mothers have wept despairingly over their dead. During unnumbered centuries have blue summer skies looked down upon the living as they fold their dead away in darkness. Yet on this one day, as the mourning villagers passed from out their eastern gate along the dusty highway which led to Capernaum, another procession met them. Life eternal and death confronted each other there.

As to what followed, was it not writ long ago in the annals of an ancient Book? These are all the words of it:

> And it came to pass that He went into a city called Nain; and many of His disciples went with Him, and much people. Now when He came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow: and much people of the city was with her. And when the Lord saw her, He had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not.
>
> And He came and touched the bier; and they that bare him stood still. And He said, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise.
>
> And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak. And He delivered him to his mother.

As for the words which he spake, who was thus called back from death unto life, who shall speak them again? And of his life, long since finished among the green hills of Palestine, what meant it thenceforth to the widow's son? Did the youths and maidens of the village fear him as he walked among them with his deep, wise eyes? Did human loves and hopes and ambitions seem but vain and paltry things to one whose lips had pressed the awful chrism of immortality? Not so: *He gave him back to his mother!*

And to every one of us who have loved and lost will He likewise one day restore our own. For He will meet us on the road of our mortal anguish, and He will have compassion on us and will say unto us, Weep not!

DRAWN BY C. EVERE EMERSON

The Diary of a Harvard Freshman

By Charles Macomb Flandrau

THE NIGHT OF THE BLIZZARD

POOR Berri—I felt so sorry for him. I do yet, in fact; for although things can't possibly turn out in the way he thinks they may, I can't tell him so, and he lives in a state of perpetual dread. But it won't last long now; Duggie's steamer must have almost reached Southampton by this time, and it won't take more than a week or eight days for Berri to hear from Duggie himself. I came very near giving the thing away at one time. It's hard not to, although I realize that Duggie was wise when he asked me to let matters take their course.

It just happened that the next day after Berri had delivered his thesis, the talk at luncheon turned on cheating at exams. and handing in written work that isn't your own. The sentiment against cheating seemed to be strong—partly from a sense of honor and partly from a sense of risk. As a matter of fact, I don't see how fellows can very well manage to cheat here—during an examination, that is to say—even if they want to. There are always a lot of proctors prowling up and down the room ready to jump on anybody who has suspicious looking bits of paper on his desk or who seems to be unduly interested in his lap or the condition of his cuffs. And then besides, assuming that the instructor occasionally gets absorbed in a newspaper and the proctor strolls to the window to watch the muckers throwing snowballs in the Yard—how could a student prepare himself for this rare opportunity? It may be different in courses that involve the exact sciences, where certain definite formulas copied on a small bit of paper might be of use. But in the sort of things I take, one would have to conceal upon himself the Encyclopædia Brittanica, Ploetz's Epitome of History, Geschnitzenmenger's Ancient Art, or the Dictionary of Biography, in order to accomplish any really effective deception.

With written work it seems to be easier. If a man hands in a theme or a thesis in his own handwriting, the instructors are more or less forced to accept it as original unless, of course, it was taken outright from a book—and they happen to be familiar with the book. And from what the fellows at the table said, there must be more of this sort of thing done than I had imagined; although since Berri opened my eyes, I could believe almost anything. One of the fellows told about a student—a junior—he had heard of, who succeeded in getting himself fired two or three years ago in a rather complicated way. He was engaged, and his lady-love sent him a poem in one of her letters, saying that she had written it for him. The letter arrived

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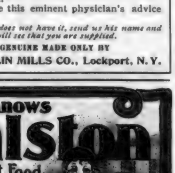

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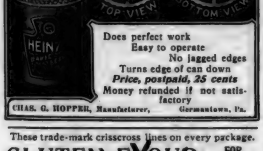

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while he was struggling with a daily theme, so he murmured to himself: "Tush—I'll copy Araminta's pretty verses and send them in as my own; as they have just gushed from her surcharged heart into her letter, no one will be the wiser." A few days later the omnivorous Advocate asked permission to print them, and, as they had received words of praise from the instructor, and as the fellow by that time had, no doubt, begun to believe he had written them himself, he allowed them to be published under his name. Somebody sent a copy of the Advocate to Araminta, who replied with an indignant letter to the young man; and while he was trying to think up an explanation of the matter with which to pacify her—somebody else came out in the Crimson with a most withering communication asking how the Advocate dared to print as original a poem that had been written by his grandfather, the late Donovan H. Dennison, whose complete poetical works (Dan Cupid and Other Idyls) could be found in the college library at any time. Whereupon the student, disgusted at his lady-love's dishonesty in palming off the late Donovan H. Dennison's verses as original, broke his engagement; and the college, disgusted with the student for precisely the same reason, "separated" him (to use the suave official phrase) from the University.

There was, as I said, a great deal of talk at luncheon that day about cheating. Some of the men seemed to think the presence of proctors during the exams. was insulting; but, as Bertie Stockbridge remarked—and this struck me as unanswerable—"If you don't cheat yourself and don't want to—what difference does it make whether they're there or not? And if you do cheat—why, of course, proctors are necessary." In the matter of dishonest written work, the same honorable sentiments were expressed. Everybody was sincere—yet I couldn't help realizing a little that they could not have had very much temptation as yet. If it hadn't been for Berri, I probably should have laid down the law as loudly as the rest. But he sat there eating in silence—irritated and oppressed by so much high-minded babbling, and I hated to hurt him by adding to it. Usually he is one of the last to leave the table. That day, however, he hurried through his luncheon and slipped away alone.

Oh, dear! (How silly those two words look written down; and yet it was what was passing through my mind as I wrote them.) I suppose that what I really mean is: How tiresome it is that a person's acts don't begin and end with himself. There doesn't seem to be any limit to the reach of their influence. It would be so much more simple and easy if you knew just where the consequences of a mistake or an indiscretion or whatever you choose to call it, began and ended. Now, for instance, take Berri and the thesis. Of course I think it was all wrong and was sorry he handed it in; but I wasn't going to let it make any difference in my feelings toward Berri. So far as I am concerned, I don't think it has made a difference. Yet the beastly thing cast a sort of gloom over the house. For Berri, after luncheon that day, rather avoided the table in general and me in particular. What his object was in doing this I don't know. It made *me* feel as if I'd been putting myself on a moral pedestal somehow and that Berri saw in me a perpetual accusation. Our relations became indescribably changed and sort of formal—and I didn't see how I could make them different. What could I have done? There was nothing, under the circumstances, for me to say. He stopped at my room that night to warm himself for a minute before going to bed, but I don't think he said anything except that it was snowing outside.

The next day we had the blizzard. People here usually assume that in the part of the country I come from we have nine months of winter and three of cold weather. But nevertheless, I had to come to the staid and temperate East to see the kind of a winter storm you read about in books—the regular old Wreck of the Hesperus kind, in which the crew are "swept like icicles from the deck," and able-bodied men get hopelessly lost and are frozen to death in their own front yards. I was to have dined in town that night with Hemmington, who had tickets for a Paderewski recital. But he didn't turn up, so I joined some fellows who found me in the restaurant eating alone, and afterward went to the theatre with them. It was snowing when we left the restaurant; in fact, great, wet, cottony flakes had been falling at intervals all day. (It reminded me of those marvelous paper-weights I haven't seen for years and years; glass globes filled with water in which a white, powdery sediment swirls and drifts and finally settles in the most lifelike way on a beautiful little tin landscape. What's become of them all, I wonder?) But there was no wind and it wasn't particularly cold, so I don't think that anybody suspected what was going to happen before the show was over.

It took an unusually long time to get out of the theatre that night. The people in the aisles hardly moved at all. But after we had forced our way through the crowd and climbed over seats and finally reached the narrow corridor leading to the entrance—we saw why it was. The ones who had got to the door first were afraid to leave. Within an hour or two the wind had risen and risen until it screamed through the streets—blasting up the fallen snow in wild, bewildering spirals and then slapping it back again in slants of hard, biting cold. From the door of the theatre it was impossible to see beyond the curbstone except when the half-obliterated lights of a cab lurched by over the drifts. The rumor went through the crowd that the wires were down and that all the cars had stopped. No one seemed to know quite what to do. Just as the people nearest the door would make up their minds to start bravely out, a thick hurricane would strike erratically in at them, causing the ladies to shrink back with little exclamations of dismay. Nobody's carriage had arrived, and the few cabs that appeared ploughed laboriously past us. Our crowd waited a few minutes—more to share the excitement of the others than for anything else—then we turned up our collars and plunged out.

Standing at the door of the theatre the world outside had seemed to me to be in a sort of insane uproar; but as soon as we got away from the human babble and I lifted my head and opened my eyes and deliberately relaxed my ears, so to speak, I found the city almost solemnly silent. Every now and then, when we came to a cross street or turned a corner, there were, it is true, a sudden shriek and a sort of rattle of fine stinging ice particles, but so long as I could keep myself from being confused inside of me while we were floundering over drifts and burrowing with our heads through the walls of wind that blocked the way and seemed to be falling on us, I couldn't help noticing the terrible muffledness of everything. It was as if the place were being swamped—blotted out—suffocated.

When we reached the hotel where we had dined earlier in the evening the other fellows went in to have something to eat, but for several reasons I decided not to. In the first place I promised papa that I would try to economize, and I had already unexpectedly squandered two dollars on a theatre ticket owing to Hemmington's failure to appear. Then I felt that if I didn't make a dash for Cambridge right away, I shouldn't get there at all. (As a matter of fact, I never did reach there until nine the next morning, but it wasn't because I didn't try hard enough. The other fellows put up at the hotel.) So I just shouted that I was going on, and as we were all about half frozen no one stopped to persuade me not to.

Well, I found a string of cars about a mile long that were rapidly turning into Eskimo huts, and was told by one of the conductors that something had broken down ahead, and that, as the snow-plow couldn't get by, they probably wouldn't move again until morning. He thought, however, that the other line was running, and I started to grope my way to Bowdoin Square.

I wouldn't go through that experience again for gold and precious stones; and I can't imagine why I did it in the first place, except that I had acquired by that time a kind of pig-headed determination to reach Cambridge and didn't know what I was in for. It wasn't so bad while I was staggering along by the side of the blocked cars; they were lighted, and I knew that if I changed my mind about going on, I could pop into one of them and be safe. But when I passed the last one and found myself, after a while, among back streets choked with drifts, and couldn't see my way, and fell down twice and got snow up my sleeves, and my face and hands and feet pained so with cold that I couldn't help crying (actually), and I realized at last that I didn't in the least know where I was—I began to be panic-stricken. I'm not the huskiest person in the world, and all at once the wind blew me smash against an iron railing and almost into a basement of some kind. I think I should have hunted for a door-bell and tried to get into a house if I hadn't a moment later collided with a policeman (fell down again), who helped me up and led me to a sheltered place behind a wall

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where I managed to collect myself and tell him what I was looking for. He, too, was on his way to Bowdoin Square; so after that I just hung on to his coat most of the time and tried to keep my legs in motion without really knowing much where he was leading me or whether we were making any progress. Once there was a rip-tearing crash over our heads. The policeman jumped aside and then stopped to exclaim: "Well, I never seen the likes o' that!" I think a sign had blown off a building through a plate-glass window. Further on, a dangling wire romped in the wind. It spat dazzling blue and purple at us until we retreated and went around another way muttering strange Hibernian mutters. When I opened my eyes again we were in front of the hotel in Bowdoin Square and the policeman was advising me through his frozen mustache not to go to Cambridge. He said the cars had stopped long ago. So I said good-by to him and was just stumbling into the café when who should come out but Berri and a cabman. They had gone in to get warm before starting across the bridge.

"I'm not sure that we can make it," Berri said, "but the man says he's willing to try. I'll tell you why I don't want to stay at the hotel when we get inside. Look out!—look out!" he cried to me as I opened the cab door and was about to jump in. I drew back expecting at least to be decapitated or electrocuted, and then Berri explained that he was afraid I might "sit on the pigeons." He entered the cab first and removed some indistinguishable objects from the back seat to the narrow seat that lifts up in front. "That's why I can't very well stay at the hotel," he went on. "As soon as these poor exhausted little darlings begin to thaw, they'll fly around and make a dreadful fuss. I'd rather have them in my own room." He had picked up four half-frozen pigeons in the street on his way to the Square and had carried them—two in his pockets and two in the bosom of his overcoat—until he came across the cab. After we got started he lighted matches every now and then to see how they were getting along, and we took turns at blowing on their pink feet—all shriveled with cold. One of them, to Berri's grief, was dead; but by the time the cab stopped suddenly in the middle of the bridge (it had been going slower and tipping more perilously over mounds of snow as we proceeded) the other three looked scared and intelligent, and began to feel warm under their wings.

The driver opened the door and said he couldn't go on, as a fallen wire was sagging across the street in front of the horse's nose. We jumped out, and Berri was just about to seize the thing and try to lift it over the horse's head when I remembered the murderous ecstacy of the other one and jerked him back. Ahead of us there was a drift almost as high as the cab itself and the man said that even without the wire we never could drive over or through it. So, after a short consultation, he decided to blanket his nag and spend the rest of the night in the cab; the horse was "dead beat," he said, and he very much doubted if it could pull back to town against the wind even after turning around, which was a more or less impossible undertaking in itself. Berri and I packed up the pigeons—the dead one included, as Berri remembered having read in the paper that morning of a case of "suspended animation" somewhere in Texas—and pushed on to the station at the other end of the bridge.

That was a queer night. I was simply played out when I got inside the waiting-room and I hadn't been there more than a few minutes when I discovered that my ear was frozen. A kind, officious woman all but broke it off rubbing snow on it; but though it pained excruciatingly during the night and is still sensitive and has a tendency to stick out at right angles from my head, I think it will recover. There must have been fifteen or twenty people cooped up in the waiting-room and the cigar-stand (with hot soda-water and candy facilities) next door. Some of them were cross and unhappy, and some of them were facetious. One of them had a small dog. Berri's pigeons created a sensation. The cigar man gave us a box to put them under, and Berri bought them pop-corn for fear they might be hungry during the night. The warmth of the room revived them completely—all but the dead one.

We talked for a while, but as Berri remembered—now that the excitement was over—to be formal and impersonal once more, it was rather dreary. We could have slept, I think; in fact we were asleep when one of the facetious refugees woke us up to ask if we didn't want to join him "and some other gentlemen in a game of euchre." Disappointed at his unsuccessful efforts to interest people in this diversion, he chased the little dog about the room, declaring that he intended to tie a glass of chocolate around its neck and send it out in the storm to look for travelers who had lost their way. It was impossible after that to get to sleep again.

We had been sitting with our heads against the wall for almost an hour—waiting for daylight—when Berri, who hadn't said anything for ever so long, suddenly came out with:

"Oh, Granny—I'm so sorry I did it!" I knew what he meant at once, although the thesis hadn't been in my mind at all, and I was just about to advise him to have a talk with Fleetwood and tell him everything, when he added that he would have to stand by himself now as it was too late to draw back.

The worst of the storm was over—the cabman had come in to get warm and tell us that his horse had frozen to death, and the windows of the waiting-room had begun to look pale instead of black by the time I convinced Berri that it wasn't too late, and that as soon as we got to Cambridge he ought to go to the Holly Tree and wait until Fleetwood came in for his breakfast. When he finally made up his mind to do this I never saw any one in such a state of impatience. He couldn't sit still, and kept running to the door every other minute to see if the snow-plow was coming over the bridge. Once he suggested that we should walk; but although the morning was clear and beautiful, I had had enough of struggling through mountains of snow the night before, and refused. The plow appeared at last—preceded by a whirling cloud and followed by a car. We set the pigeons free (Berri told them all to return with olive branches as quickly as possible) and watched them fly to the nearest telegraph pole and proceed to make their toilets for the day.

It must have been about half an hour after I parted from Berri (he went on to the Holly Tree and I came to my room) that he bounded up the stairs—pale with excitement. He had met Fleetwood and after a few preliminary remarks about the blizzard (the whole place was submerged) he had blurted out:

"Mr. Fleetwood—I want to tell you something about my thesis; I didn't write it." To which the instructor replied almost indifferently:

"Yes—I noticed that. What was the trouble?" Berri just looked at him in amazement.

"I said I didn't write it," he faltered.

"Well—I know that," Fleetwood replied a trifle sharply. He was inclined to be "peevish," Berri said, because the morning papers hadn't been delivered.

"And I want to tell you how sorry I am," Berri added; the situation was much worse, Berri says, than it would have been if Fleetwood had seemed more impressed by his dishonesty. As a matter of fact, Fleetwood merely smiled.

"Oh, I never had the vaguest idea that you *would* write it," he remarked airily, "but if you don't care—I don't. It's much easier for me to give you an E for having failed to hand it in, than it is to read fifty or sixty pages of your impossible writing."

At this, Berri said he almost reeled from his chair.

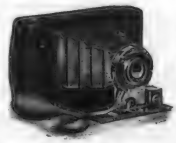
"Didn't I hand it in?" he asked while his heart thumped painfully. Fleetwood glanced up from his oatmeal only long enough to say:

"I wish you would go some place else to eat; you bother me." But Berri insisted.

"Dear Mr. Fleetwood," he pleaded eagerly, "please answer me just one thing. Didn't you find my thesis pushed through your door?" At this Fleetwood put his hands to his head as he always does when he's pretending that we're trying to drive him mad, and moaned:

"First you tell me you haven't written your thesis, and then you ask me if I've picked it up on my floor. Oh, go away—go away; I shall never be able to finish my breakfast and get back through all that ghastly snow to my ten o'clock lecture." Then Berri ran out, forgetting to pay for his breakfast, and came to find me.

Fleetwood must think that Berri isn't quite right, for he followed the instructor around all day more or less—waiting for him at the doors of lecture halls, intercepting him in front of the Colonial Club at luncheon time, running after him in the Square and calling on him twice at his room, to ask if the thesis had been found. But of course it never had. At that time neither of us could account for its disappearance—and Berri can't yet. He is existing in a state of nervous dread for



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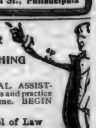

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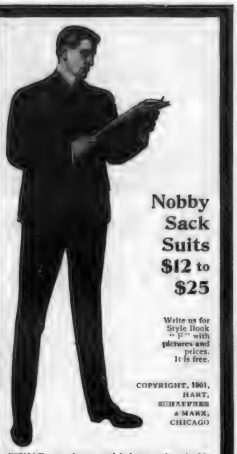

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fear it "may have fallen behind something" in the dark vestibule and will eventually turn up. Well—it will turn up; but not in Fleetwood's room. Berri spent most of the time in which he wasn't dogging Fleetwood's footsteps discussing the thing with me. But I couldn't help him much beyond hoping that the thesis—like the love-letter or the lost will in dramas at the Bowdoin Square Theatre—wouldn't be discovered until the fifth act, after a lapse of twenty years.

I had to leave him alone part of the afternoon. Duncan Duncan sent me word that he was sick and that the Advocate was in dire need. So I floundered through the alley to the printing office and learned from the proofreader that they had to have six inches of poetry immediately or the paper would be very much delayed. I didn't know what to do as we hadn't any poems of that length in stock, so to speak. While I was sitting there in despair one of the printers gave me a piece of paper and a pencil and said:

"Here—hurry up and write a couple of sticks of po'try: I want to go home." He was quite serious, so I set to work and in about fifteen minutes had written twenty-one lines about the pigeons in the blizzard; only I referred to them—for various technical reasons—as doves. There was a heavenly smell of printer's ink in the place which made it easier to write somehow.

No letters came that day from any direction on account of the storm. The next afternoon I met the postman on the steps. He stopped to chat and I thought I should grab the letters from his hand before he finished, as I caught sight of one in Duggie's writing addressed to me. I thought of course that he had postponed his trip and had written to tell me why. The postman talked on and on, but he told me one tale that interested me in spite of myself.

One Sunday morning old Professor Pallas (my ally in the hieroglyphics course) went over to the post-office for his letters. He must have been thinking very deeply about recent discoveries, or cuneiform inscriptions, or some such thing, because when he went up to the window he couldn't remember whose letters he had come for. So he said:

"Young man—do you know who I am?"

The clerk unfortunately was a new one and had to confess with regret that he didn't. So Professor Pallas after a moment or two of reflection looked up and murmured:

"I ask you this because I am equally at a loss myself; but perhaps if I take a little walk it may come to me." Then he strolled away and in about ten minutes returned, very much pleased, with a slip of paper in his hand.

"I remembered it all by myself," he exclaimed, "and wrote it down!"

I got Duggie's letter away from the postman at last and ran upstairs to read it. This is what it said:

Dear Granny: We are steaming slowly out of the harbor and I am sitting in a sheltered corner of the deck writing you this note for the pilot to take back with him. My fingers are stiff with cold, but as the air down below is thick with what Mrs. Chester calls "floral tributes," I'd rather stay here and say good-by to you and the Goddess of Liberty at the same time.

What I wish particularly to do, however, is to thank you for letting me read your diary last night (I have some things to say about it—the parts where I come in, I mean—but that can wait), and to make a confession. When I got to the last page, where the ink was scarcely dry, I dashed over to Fleetwood's room, although I had lingered so long in yours that I didn't have any too much time in which to catch my train. Fortunately there was a light in Fleetwood's window. While I was talking to him I saw out of the corner of my eye the great pile of—is the plural theses or theseses?—on his desk; and when he went into his bedroom for a minute to get a book for me to read going over, I sniped Berri's performance from near the top of the pile and stuck it in my pocket. I did it on the impulse of the moment and I may have been all wrong—I don't know, the whole thing worries me. But don't say anything to Berri about it. I shouldn't care to get you and the diary into trouble. When I reach Southampton I'll send the thing back to him with a letter. Good-by, Granny. Take care of yourself and write often.

DUGGIE.

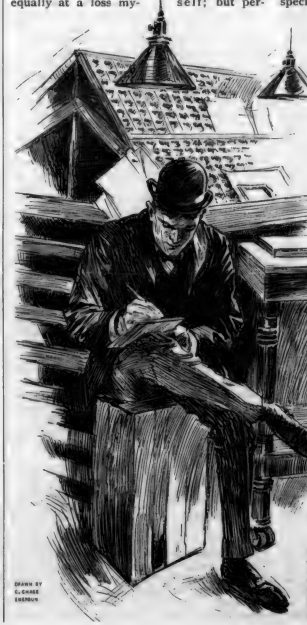
Editor's Note—At this point Granny became tired of keeping his diary and stopped writing in it. He will appear later, however, from a Faculty viewpoint, in The Diary of a Professor, by the author of The Diary of a Harvard Freshman.

Printing Without Ink

AN INGENIOUS method of printing without the use of ink has been patented recently, the printing being accomplished by the employment of a peculiar sensitized paper. Colorless at first, the paper turns brown or black where touched by the metal type, and in this way the effect is produced, a chemical change taking place in the specially-prepared surface coat.

The beginning of this idea took shape in little notebooks composed of ordinary paper, the surface of which was covered with barium sulphate. This chemical salt is very sensitive to the action of copper, turning dark when brought into contact with it, and so a mark made with a stylus of that metal on one of the leaves prepared in the manner described would instantly become visible, with some degree of permanence. Such a stylus being furnished with each notebook, one could write with it as long as the pages lasted without being bothered with the necessity of sharpening the instrument at intervals, as with an ordinary pencil. The tool used was a copper point stuck in the end of a wooden handle.

Inasmuch as the sensitized paper is necessarily more expensive than the common kind, it is not to be expected that it will take the place of the latter for books and newspapers, but the notion of printing without ink is a pleasing twentieth century novelty—one of those achievements which would have been put down in the list of hopeless impossibilities a few years ago.



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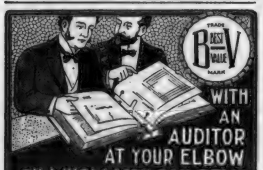

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Women as Architects

By Josephine Wright Chapman

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Miss Josephine Wright Chapman

THE colleges offer to women, at the present time, the same opportunities for a professional or technical education as are open to men, and it is one of the most encouraging signs of the times to see the yearly increase in the number of women who avail themselves of these privileges and who, at the completion of their years of training, go out into the world and work side by side with their brothers in the professions or in business.

But among all the branches of work into which women have entered there is none which shows so small a percentage of really successful members as that of architecture.

Almost every day some young man or woman, who wishes to make a beginning in the architectural profession, comes to my office. On questioning the young woman I usually find that she has had no technical training in this branch; she has just been graduated from a high school, has perhaps studied water colors or drawing and has a taste for that sort of thing, and so has decided that architecture will suit her very well, until the time when she shall be called upon to leave the building of homes to preside over a home of her own. And just here, I feel sure, is one great cause of the failure of women in any business. Every woman, whether she admits it to herself or not, expects to enter, at one time or another, into matrimony, and the business or profession which she chooses serves as a bridge to connect the period of girlhood with that of wifehood. There is not that earnestness of purpose, that grim determination to succeed, that a man in the same position feels. It is his life work, and matrimony only increases his energy.

In the case of the young man entering architecture he has probably had the excellent training of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, or some other technical school; sometimes he is a carpenter's son, who has worked for his father, has an ambition to go on in his studies, and, not having the means for a technical education, hopes to enter an office and intends to study at one of the many good evening schools which the city provides.

The Lack of Seriousness Among Girls

When I question the girl as to her ideas, her answer may be: "Oh, no; I never could be an architect; I only thought I might be able to do drafting or to make the water-color pictures of the outside of the houses." I always discourage such girls, for architecture means far more than making pretty water-color sketches, and I advise them to go into interior decoration, stained-glass designing, or some similar art.

The lack of seriousness among these girls is shown in the case of a young woman who came to me not long since determined to study architecture. In the course of my conversation with her, it developed that she was soon to go abroad, and as music did not interest her, and it was the fad to study something while across the water, she had hit upon architecture as being the profession least studied by women, and therefore that which would cause the greatest sensation among her friends.

Then, too, a woman has many little home duties which distract her attention, and for which she often neglects her work. This was well illustrated by the case of a young woman whom I once employed as a draftsman. I had tried to discourage her, but she was so persistent that I began to feel that she might be able to make something of herself. She entered my office and I watched her proceedings with the greatest interest, for I wanted her to succeed. There was very little that she could do at first except tracing, and she was often idle; but instead of spending this leisure time in studying the architectural books and drawings, or in watching the other draftsmen, she sat with folded hands and waited, her mind probably miles away. If this leisure came toward the close of the afternoon she would ask permission to go home, for her work was finished and she had a shirt-waist that she wanted to sew upon. It happened, one day, that we were very busy in the office; several of the men were away on vacations, another had been called out of town, another was superintending a building, and Miss Brown and I alone remained. The office was crowded with contractors, steam-fitters and plumbers, figuring on a large building. In the midst of this, Miss Brown came to me and said: "Miss Chapman, may I go home now? I have a dressmaker to-day and I have arranged to sew with her."

Importance of a Knowledge of Mechanics

Although artistic ability is perhaps of more importance in architecture than is the knowledge of mechanics, it is nevertheless very necessary to have the mechanical knowledge. One should also have an idea of the different materials employed in a building, their manufacture or their preparation for the building, their durability, and so on. Now a boy is naturally more inclined to mechanics than a girl. Take a boy of twelve years and, by questioning, you will find he understands far more of mechanical devices and their workings than does the average grown woman.

Boys are much more observant than girls in such matters, and I attribute this to the fact that the girl's mind is occupied with observing the fashions in clothes, the style of hair dressing and such trivial femininities. The lower schools, in many cities, are in part at fault in this, for where they give to the boy mechanical drawing and carpentry work, the girl is taught to cook and sew.

I have always been grateful for the advantages which, in my own case, I had in this respect. My father had a large manufacturing business, and I took every opportunity to be in the shops; I learned in this way a great deal of mechanics and mechanical drafting, and this practical knowledge has been of inestimable value to me. I should recommend, therefore, to every girl who contemplates entering architecture, to learn all she can of mechanics, for even if the mechanical part of the building is done by experts in this line, the mental training which a girl gets from a study of mechanics develops her as nothing else can.

As a boy by nature, physically stronger than a girl, and this gives him another advantage over his sister architect. Although no manual labor is required, yet a certain amount of physical endurance is necessary. It is very trying for a girl to lean over a drawing board and reach as a man does, especially if she wears the corsets and tight sleeves which fashion requires. An architect is also obliged to be out in all kinds of weather, to attend to the duties of superintending buildings, and to keep appointments rain or shine. This leads me to the much-discussed subject of the dress of the business woman. A woman architect may wear, in business hours, a comfortable tailor-made gown of the sensible storm length now so commonly worn. It may be as fashionable as one pleases, provided the tailor effect remains. There is no excuse for a girl's being mannish in dress, any more than there is for her being masculine in her actions.

The Men that a Woman Meets in Business

In meeting men in business, too, a girl is often put in a trying position. I know of no business or profession where one is brought in contact with so many different classes of men as in architecture. Beginning with the client and going through the grades from contractor to laborer, almost every sort and condition of man is represented, and to deal with these different natures requires a great deal of tact. A woman, in this as in

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other business dealings, must learn to meet men on their own ground, and although she should command their respect she must not let them feel that because she is a woman she ought to be given little favors or be treated other than as man to man.

Another cause of the failure of women architects is the economical streak possessed by almost every woman. Women are prone to economize. Where a man would rent a good office and conduct his business in a businesslike atmosphere, a woman fancies it is just as well to do what she can at home and thus save office expenses. This is a great mistake. To save money, one must spend money.

In my own experience of the last four years I have always carried out this principle. I have a large drafting-room, private office and waiting-room in which I aim to have the most convenient arrangements for drafting and for filing away papers and plans. I also find that a telephone is most necessary. I employ a stenographer and as many draftsmen as my work requires, for I feel confident that an architect, to be successful, cannot afford to spend her time doing the work which a draftsman can do as well. She should have her time to devote to designing, superintendence, and other more important work. In my office I employ girls, when I find that they are able to do the work, but I fully appreciate that a man in my place would hesitate to ask a girl to perform the many menial duties which he would require of a boy in the same position, and this is the reason why men object to employing women in their offices. I require the same services of a girl, not only because it is the best training for her, but because I cannot employ a girl unless she is willing to do the work of a boy in the same position.

Advantages Possessed by Women

I have stated many reasons why it is difficult for a woman to succeed in architecture, but, of course, as judicial people are very apt to remark, "there is much to be said on either side." In many ways the girl has the advantage. Whereas man is born with a mechanical instinct, woman is born with a housewifely one; and even if her tastes run in other channels her ideas on the requirements of a house are far more practical than those of a man. Take, for example, a linen closet: how few men would stop to think of the width of a sheet when folded or the length of a pillow-case. The arrangements of shelves and closets and the little conveniences of a house make a great difference to the housekeeper.

Women, too, are more patient than men in small matters. The little details of buildings, while they bore a man, are interesting to a woman; and she is willing to spend more time, and to work more conscientiously, than is he over such things; as, for instance, in preparing plans and specifications for estimates. A woman will take the trouble carefully to designate, in these, the different materials to be used, so that at a glance the contractor can easily figure the cost of the building, and, consequently, can give a lower figure, as he is not obliged to add an amount to cover uncertainties.

I am a firm believer in the influence of environment on one's work. I have always felt that people interested in the same line of work or study should live together in an atmosphere calculated to foster such work. For this reason I have lived, for several years, in a building which has been called the "Latin Quarter of Boston." It was formerly a skating rink, and, in remodeling it, the architects wisely left all the rough construction exposed in the studios. There are thirty-five studios occupied by artists, each reflecting the taste and temperament of its owner.

When one has finally surmounted the obstacles in the path leading to success, there is no profession which is so interesting or so varied in its aspects as this. Although I have passed through many trying situations and have had many obstacles in my path, I have never for a moment regretted that I chose architecture as a profession. I should advise a young woman contemplating entering the profession to obtain, as a preparation, a good technical education, studying especially free-hand drawing and at the same time visiting and observing the buildings which are going up about her. Her school education finished, let her enter the office of the best architect of whom she knows, and start on the same ground as a boy apprentice; receiving little pay at first, but exercising a keen observation and keeping her mind receptive to what goes on about her.

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A Sailor's Log *By* Robley D. Evans, U. S. N.

(Concluded from Page 9)

"The evening of the twenty-sixth was the crucial test. I had invited the Emperor and Prince Henry and ten Admirals to dine, and they all accepted. When the Emperor came on board I had the men and officers all massed aft on the superstructure and in the gangways, and as soon as Admiral Kirkland had welcomed him I made him a short speech, reciting that we had the champion twelve-oared cutter of the American Navy, and asking in the name of my crew the honor of naming her after his daughter Victoria Louisa. He was really touched by the compliment, and, taking my hand, granted my request most graciously. As soon as I could, I turned to the crew and called for three cheers for the Victoria Louisa, and then three cheers and a tiger for the Emperor. I don't think he ever heard such cheers before. It was a very pretty episode and gave our dinner a good start.

"As soon as we sat down the Emperor said: 'How pleased the Empress will be when she hears of this! You must have your boat and crew photographed and send the Empress one.' (This I did on my return to New York.)

"The dinner was one of the most delightful I have ever seen, a perfect success, and George, my steward, who bossed the entire affair, is as proud as a peacock.

The Test of American Drill by the Kaiser

"At 1 A. M. the Emperor expressed a desire to visit and inspect the engine-room. And so we did. He looked into every hole and corner, and even had us disconnect one of the engines, marking time on us himself. Then we went through the gun deck and out on to the forecastle, where he asked how long it would take to close all water-tight doors. I replied that in the daytime we could do it in thirty seconds, but at night it required about two minutes. Much to my surprise, he asked if I should mind doing it for him. Of course I had to say yes, but when I tried to blow the siren, the signal to close water-tight doors, there was not steam enough, and the blessed thing would not blow. He thought he had me, and said: 'Now you see, Captain, you can't close your bulkheads.' But he did not know everything. I said: 'You will see in a moment, sir,' and I touched one of the general alarm buttons, and in a few seconds the men were swarming up like rats.

"The Emperor took the time himself, and in one minute and a half the entire ship was ready for action with all water-tight doors closed. It was 2 A. M., the royal standard at our main and the searchlight of the Columbia turned on it, the ship ready for action, and the Emperor complimenting the Captain on the forecastle.

"When we went aft, where every one could hear him, he said: 'Captain Evans, I cannot imagine that a ship could be in better condition'—very nice for all of us."

I can recall very vividly how surprised I was when at five o'clock the same morning my orderly called me out of a sound sleep to report that the officer of the deck said the Emperor was just then passing the ship, steering his own yacht. My only reply was, "For Heaven's sake, don't stop him!" I managed to get one eye open, and, looking out, discovered him, dressed in white flannels, steering the Meteor bound for an ocean race, and looking as if he had never taken a drink or smoked a cigar in his life.

People often ask me to tell them what impression the Emperor made on me. I found him one of the most magnetic and companionable men I have ever met—I should say, with one or two exceptions, the most magnetic. He knows more about a greater number of things than any man I ever met, without any exception.

When I was in Kiel my band was playing music composed by him, and on my cabin table was a book of poems written by him. He was the head and front of the finest army in the world, and at the same time was giving his personal attention to what must some day be reckoned one of the leading navies. The Kiel Canal was of his creation, and his engineers told me that he was familiar with all its details, as well as with those of bridge-building in a large sense. The farmers informed me that he could instruct them in their business, and I personally saw him manœuvre a fleet at sea in the most creditable way. After luncheon at the palace one day, during a very interesting conversation, he described to me our first battleship, the Indiana, which I afterward commanded, and his knowledge of her construction and of details of armor and guns was perfect. He seemed to have the same knowledge of all foreign ships.

Talking with the Emperor about His Navy

On one occasion the Emperor turned to me suddenly and said: "Captain, I understand you think I ought to have a strong navy. Will you tell me why you think so?" I replied that many of us who were interested in such matters had observed that the Jews had at one time made serious encroachments on English trade, but having no navy, of course they made no efforts to control the carrying trade; that we had observed that the Germans had taken a hand in the game and had beaten the Jews, as the Jews had the English, and that if I read the signs correctly, he, the Emperor, meant with his cheaply-built merchant ships to follow up this advantage of the German merchants and control the carrying trade of the world. I pointed out to him that a powerful navy was necessary to this scheme, to protect his merchant fleet against the navies of those who might be disposed to contest this supremacy with him. He listened very attentively, and when I had finished he said: "Captain, unfortunately, my Parliament does not entertain the same view of the question." To which I replied: "If Your Majesty will permit me to say so, I think you will eventually bring your Parliament to think as you do." I had many opportunities to see him among his people, and if he was not their idol, then they were certainly well up in the art of deception, for they seemed to worship him. To us, as representatives of our country, he was most cordial and considerate, and took no pains to conceal from others his strong friendship for the United States. I shall always remember him as I last saw him. He had given a splendid banquet in Kiel as a finish to his wonderfully successful opening of the canal. On one side of him sat the Grand Duke Alexis, on the other the Duke of York, while the lesser lights were seated according to rank. At the proper moment the Emperor arose from his chair, with a full glass of champagne in his extended hand, and in clear, ringing tones that could be heard in every part of the room, said in perfect English: "I drink to all the great sea nations who have sent their magnificent fleets to Kiel to join in the opening ceremonies of the North Sea Canal."

On June 30 I left Kiel and started on my return trip to New York. The following extracts are from my journal:

"*North Sea, July 1, 1895.*—We left Kiel at 2 A. M. yesterday and had a beautiful run through the intricate channels of the Great Belt and out of the Skagerr Rack.

"*At Sea, Six Hundred Miles off New York, July 22.*—We have had a real old-fashioned 'North Atlantic passage'—one gale following another in rapid succession.

"Our last days at Gravesend were well filled with visits. Everybody wanted to see the ship, and all were most enthusiastic over her."

Carrying the Flag of Three Admirals

Upon my arrival in New York, July 25, I was ordered to report to Admiral Bunce for duty as flagship of the North Atlantic Squadron, which I did at the navy yard on the following day. I had carried the flag of two Admirals, and now had the third, which was a rare experience.

When the New York had had some repairs made we began cruising, and Admiral Bunce inaugurated the system of fleet drills which did so much to prepare the Navy for its success in the Spanish War, which came a few years later. The feeling is general, among officers at least, that no officer ever did work that led to more splendid results than that of Admiral Bunce.

In October following my return from Kiel I was detached from command of the New York and ordered to Philadelphia to fit out and command the Indiana, our first battleship. She had been built at Cramp's shipyard, and was the heaviest armed and armored ship in the world. The New York had seemed to me a complicated mass of machinery, but this new thing was a machine shop from top to bottom. The Department had selected fine officers, and to them, particularly to the executive officer, I owe all the reputation I made in her.

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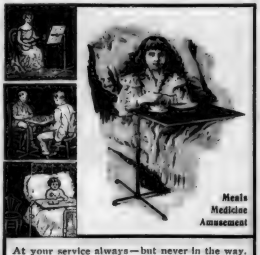

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Jack-a-Boy

(*Continued from Page 5*)

attention. Perhaps he was remembering more about it all than the rest of us will ever know."

The Professor got up and wandered aimlessly over to the revolving bookcase by the window, and took up his Homer, turned a few pages, though it was too dark to see anything, then threw it down resentfully.

"Do you know, I had set my heart on teaching him the fine old tongue some day—that boy in knickerbockers?" he said.

Then I told him of the strange fancy I had of the wood-gods coming on the night that Jack-a-Boy died. "Perhaps," murmured the old gentleman, "perhaps. We believe things less probable every day."

In the course of time the Professor settled down to Greek prosody again, and I to the giving of music lessons. We saw less of each other and our neighbors than formerly, for the bond which had drawn us all together was broken. Jack-a-Boy's people moved away and left the city, and we did not speak of him any more. For his own sake I almost hoped that the Professor had forgotten. Christmas time came, when every one was buying presents for the little children they loved, but we bought no presents in Windsor Terrace, and we did not even know whether they kept Christmas in Jack-a-Boy's country. I saw the Professor's light burning far into the night on Christmas Eve, and the next day we avoided each other. But on the night of the first of May the Professor came to my room with a box of flowers in his hand and asked me to go with him to hang a May basket for Jack-a-Boy. When we reached the quiet little spot under the lilac bushes in the cemetery we saw a woman's figure alone by the white stone, and her flowers lay on the green turf. It was the Woman Nobody Called On, and she explained that since Jack-a-Boy's people were so far away she had feared he would not be remembered, and she had come out to him alone. We returned to the city together, talking of him in low tones, as though we had always known each other. When we left her at her door I resolved then and there that I would call. When we reached our own number we sat down a moment on the porch, in the faint May starlight, and the moon was as it had been the year before—pale and wan, and curved like Artemis' bow. The air of the spring night was alluringly soft and warm, and it seemed to revive the withered sentiments in one, and to replenish the well-heads long gone dry. The mocking-bird owned by the old maid in Number 324 must have dreamed a Southern dream; a dream full of cypress swamps and live-oak boughs and sultry August nights on the bayou, for it broke out into a melody fit only for a tropical forest, a florid, colorature number, full of brilliant cadenzas and trills and highly colored passages, entirely out of atmosphere in the grim, gray parlors of Number 324.

"We are three very different people, you, and that lonely woman down there, and I," the Professor was saying, "yet we seemed rather alike to-night. Perhaps Pater was right, and it is the revelation of beauty which is to be our redemption, after all. Whenever it comes, as many as see it, choose it, just as you and she and I chose him."

But I was thinking how the revelation of the greatest Revealer drew men together. How the fishermen left their nets, without questioning, to follow Him; and how Nicodemus, who thought himself learned, came to Him secretly by night, and Mary, of Magdala, at the public feast, wiped His feet with her hair.

The Back Parlor of Parnassus

IN THE days when Mr. Harland edited the Yellow Book the apostles of the New Literature used to gather in Mr. John Lane's back parlor at the Bodley Head. It was a curious and enthusiastic crowd of youngsters, and they are no less curiously scattered.

Aubrey Beardsley is dead. Mr. W. B. Yeats seems to have given up England as a bad job and devoted himself to popularizing Gaelic, which to the naked eye is not engaging. Miss Ella d'Arcy, the writer of At Twickenham, and Miss Eveiyn Sharp, the author of The Making of a Prig, have gone into journalism. Mr. Lewis Hind is editing the Academy, and Mr. Marriott Watson plunged into the Stock Exchange and came up with his hands full of South African gold. He is now writing what he likes and as little of it as he pleases.

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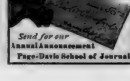

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Letters from a Congressman's Wife

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I HAVE come to the conclusion that it must be vanity alone that makes so many of us mortals like to masquerade in the guise of some one else. Swift says that "vanity is almost the only passion that never gives us any rest; it keeps us in perpetual motion, and says, like a fly upon a coach wheel, 'What a dust do I raise!'" All of us remember the fate of the frog in Æsop's fable that was determined to look like an ox, and so swelled himself up till he burst. So, when I found that the official world here at Washington had decided, before folding its butterfly wings and settling down to its Lenten fast, to have its last fling in the shape of a costume ball, I was reminded of both the frog and the fly. When our invitation to this ball came I was full of the notion of representing something or somebody, though I had no desire to be the frog or the fly. I thought it all over before announcing to Robert that we were to accept.

"What!" he exclaimed in consternation. "I go to a costume ball all rigged up!"

"Well, Robert," I began soothingly, "other men in Congress go to these things, and if they do, you can. Why, Representative Olmsted led the cotillon the other night, and Mr. Depew sometimes does a cake-walk with the young people, and Jefferson Levy, your fellow-Congressman, is going to this very ball dressed in an English hunt-ball costume, pink cloth coat, black satin breeches and long black silk stockings, and I thought——"

"Well, Agatha, out with it. What had you thought of for me?" There was an ominous calm in Robert's voice.

"Well, Robert——" and I eyed him carefully, taking in his possibilities, "with your little tuft of chin whiskers and your long legs and arms—I thought you might perhaps go as Uncle Sam—and——"

"Uncle Sam! Great Scott!" was all that he could ejaculate; then he added:

"And you, Agatha, will go, I suppose, as the Goddess of Liberty. You doubtless could get yourself up like the dusky figure that surmounts the dome of the Capitol——"

"That's not a bad idea!" I cried; "yes, Robert, if you'll go as Uncle Sam I will go as the Goddess of Liberty."

"I'll be hanged if I'll be Uncle Sam, or Uncle Anybody!" he said with energy.

"Well, then, how would it do for you to go as a Roman Senator, in a toga and——"

Robert's answer was a groan, and I said, rather out of patience:

"Perhaps, then, you'll consent to go 'dressed in an appearance of wisdom and gravity' and merely accompany me."

"Oh, I suppose I'll have to go, unless you can drag Senator P—— into going. Senator P—— might go as Cato, or Socrates, and let me off altogether. I hate these things, Agatha. I always feel, as some one described, like one of those foolish little gnats on that go buzzing around in a narrow beam of sunshine."

Well, I saw it was no use to insist upon Robert's going in costume, but after much persuading I did get him to this ball, where he was a most unsociable and bored object the greater part of the evening. This ball was somewhat in the nature of an official wind-up of the social season and was a cross between a state function and a Mardi Gras revel.

When we had greeted our hostess, who was a round-faced, smiling Portia, standing beside a Louis XV husband gorgeously arrayed, I looked about me. Ambassadors, admirals, generals, statesmen were everywhere visible, "decked in gay ornaments, and witching sweet ladies with their words and looks." The revelers were peasants, gypsies, noblemen, flower girls and knights, all representing the very "poetry of clothing," as Carlyle would have put it. The ballroom was fantastically decorated in true carnival fashion with garlands, posters and paper roses.

Just then I caught sight of Minister and Madame Wu. I had never seen them so resplendent before. The Minister seemed tremendously amused by two would-be Chinese mandarins who were parading around, and according to the Minister they had on impossible rigs; impossible, that is, for a true mandarin. I had never seen the Minister so convulsed with laughter. As for Madame Wu, she was pegging about this ballroom on her two poor little feet, the sight of which are enough to bring tears to the eyes of the average American woman whenever she realizes what this Oriental little woman has had to endure in the past to acquire such pedal appendages.

I had, only the day before, beheld Madame Wu making her round of visits in an automobile, and with her queerly-decked head and embroidered garments, a rickshaw with a runner would have been a more appropriate vehicle than this most modern invention. It was scarcely possible for her, even with the assistance of her attendant, to get in or out of her automobile, and her mounting of a long flight of stone steps was a labor indeed and reminded me of the terrible Hill of Difficulty in Pilgrim's Progress. I came near committing the unpardonable breach of offering to help her down this Hill of Difficulty, but I remembered in time not to do so.

Not far from Madame Wu in this ballroom stood Madame Takahira, of the Japanese Legation, who had laid aside her European dress for this occasion and wore her native kimona.

But just here I caught sight of Robert, who had roused up from his boredom and was talking with a group of noted men, among whom were Senator Y—— and Admiral X——. I knew they were telling good stories, or political yarns, and I made my way thither, not wishing to lose anything that the evening might hold. As I drew near I heard Admiral X——, who was one of our renowned fighting admirals, say:

"Why, I'm the most overworked man at the Navy Department. I have to be at the Department by twelve o'clock every day, and there I have to stick at my desk until one o'clock, but"—and he looked around with a twinkle—"I have of course the help of a Lieutenant-Commander who is detailed as my special aide in my arduous labors."

There was a general laugh at this absurd statement, and Senator Y—— said jocosely:

"Yes, you old sea dogs have a pretty soft snap of it at the Navy Department. How would you like to be in our shoes up in the Senate? In the first place, many of the bills cannot possibly get through this session, and we're being prodded by disgruntled constituents on the one hand and by an importunate lobby on the other, while all the time hordes of office-seekers lie in wait for us in every nook and cranny of the Capitol."

"How did the fourth day of March ever come to be chosen for the inaugural day?" some one asked.

"It was accident," said Senator Y——. "At the close of 1788, it appears that the Congress of Confederation was notified that the different States had ratified the Constitution and that the electors authorized by the Constitution were to be chosen on the first Wednesday of the new year just approaching, 1789; that these electors should meet on the first Wednesday in February; and that Congress should meet and count the electoral votes on the first Wednesday in March, which happened to fall on the fourth day of that month. It so happened, however, that the members did not reach New York, where the Congress was held, until about April 6, and Washington was not inaugurated until April 30. But Congress assumed that the term really began at the time fixed for its assembling, for an act was passed in 1792 by Congress providing that, 'The term of four years for which a President and Vice-President shall be elected shall in all cases commence on the fourth day of March next succeeding the day on which the votes of the electors have been given;' hence our inaugural has always been on the fourth of March."

"It is always the worst day in the year," said the Admiral, "and ought to be changed. I believe that if I were a President and entering upon my second term I should simply and quietly drive to the Capitol and be sworn in without any attendants or salvos of artillery."

"Which would be much less extravagant than the present system," returned Senator Y——.

"And which, being a United States Senator engaged in passing a billion and a half or so in appropriations, you would commend," said the Admiral slyly.

"Oh! of course," returned the Senator good-naturedly. He added: "You may fling all you please at the appropriations. I grant you the lump sum is gigantic, but some of the individual items are modest. Would any of

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Editor's Note—This is one of a series of letters by the author of The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife, which appeared in The Saturday Evening Post last winter.

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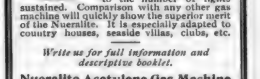

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you think two cents for a postage stamp accidentally destroyed unusual reimbursement to a postmaster? Or would you deem extortionate the appropriation of two dollars and thirty-five cents for an old pair of blue-jean overalls, stolen from a soldier during the War?" The Senator looked around at us.

"You don't really mean, Senator Y——," exclaimed I, "that appropriation bills carry such ridiculous items as these you mention?"

"I really do mean just that, Mrs. Slocum. They carry the most absurd items you can imagine along with the millions."

"But why do any of you permit it?"

This created a smile all around, and the Senator said:

"In the last of a session little things like these mentioned creep in and they're all right in the main——"

"All but the millions," put in Admiral X——.

"Well," said Robert, who spoke up as though to clear his party from some aspersion, "there has been, as Cannon said in the House, great exaggeration of the extravagance of the Fifty-sixth Congress. It was the function of the minority to curb this extravagance, but Cannon said their policy, apparently, was to keep the record straight while they poked wise economy under the fifth rib."

"Well," said Senator Y——, "any level-headed public man would know that our appropriations must increase with our growth and responsibilities, and no one seems to take into account what statistics show as to the debts of the nations of the earth."

The Senator was much in earnest, and as he was one of the wise and prudent ones of the Senate we lent our ears.

"Why," he continued, "in the last thirty years, by actual showing of figures, while the debts of other nations of the earth have alarmingly increased, our debt has decreased exactly fifty per cent. The Latin nations have increased their debts fifty per cent. The Oriental nations have increased their debts one hundred per cent., while the United States and England alone have decreased theirs. We have reduced ours fifty per cent. since 1870, and England in the same period of time has decreased hers twenty-five per cent."

"Well, that is a gratifying showing certainly," said several with one accord. Then Senator Y—— said:

"It was a surprise to my mind the way that Henderson managed the House this session. Don't you think he was a surprise, Slocum?"

"Yes," said Robert, "and there is but one opinion about that among Democrats and Republicans alike."

"Somehow," said Senator Y——; "I am reminded of what Tom Reed said once when there was a great discussion going on about the respective heights of several big men in Congress. I happened to be over in the House one day and was talking with Tom Reed about his height. He always carried himself rather carelessly and never appeared as tall as he really is, and I spoke of his unexpected height, which was always a surprise to me, and he said:

"'Oh, I'm not nearly so tall as Curtis, of the House. He's by all odds the tallest man on the floor.'

"'How about Berry?' I queried, remembering that Berry, of the House, was a big man, too.

"'Oh, Berry cannot touch Curtis,' responded Reed.

"Of course this immediately provoked a controversy between Reed and me, and nothing could settle it but to send in for the two men and get them to measure heights. Well they came, of course, and like boys we all entered into the contest. First Reed and Curtis measured, with Curtis quite a bit ahead. Then Berry came along and stood up and suddenly straightened himself to his full height. Why, I thought he never would get through straightening up. He shot far up and beyond Curtis, and Reed exclaimed in astonishment:

"'Good Heavens, Berry! How much of yourself do you keep in your pockets?'

"And this would apply to Henderson as a presiding officer. The way he rises to occasions is wonderful. He is calm in the midst of storm and judicial-minded in the settlement of disputed questions, just to all alike and unfailingly courteous. I should like to ask him how much of himself he has been keeping in his pockets all these years," wound up Senator Y——.

At this point we made the discovery that it was already Ash Wednesday morning and it was time for this Mardi Gras revel to come to an end.

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FROM A PAINTING BY JULIET THOMPSON

Mr. George Gibbs

A Romance by an Illustrator

Mr. George Gibbs, with his forthcoming book, In Search of Mademoiselle, adds another name to the growing list of artists who write. One might make a long catalogue of such names. There is Mr. Howard Pyle, there are Mr. Remington, Mr. Ernest Peixotto, Mr. Joseph Pennell, and, of course, Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith. It would be a pleasing task to follow the search back through Du Maurier, Thackeray and Victor Hugo, to all who did not wholly kill one talent to develop the other; for an unlovable belief of jealousy and disregard between artists has found too general an acceptance.

Yet why should not one talent supplement the other, to the reader's benefit? If we demand the illustrated magazine, why not an added welcome for the story illustrated by the author's own hand? At any rate, Mr. Gibbs finds pleasure in both expressions, and confesses that even as a cadet at Annapolis, before he studied at the Corcoran Art School or the Washington League, he gave rather more thought to the pictures he should paint and the novels he should write than to the rank in the service he should attain.

Just here one is tempted to wonder, even in the face of the confession quoted, how much Annapolis has had to do with Mr. Gibbs' style. They teach work at Annapolis and thoroughness in detail. The naval habit of mind, if it is to look to anything, must look to action. And this belief in work, this respect for conscientious thoroughness, are things that Mr. Gibbs has brought to an art which has dealt largely with scenes of action.

His new book, In Search of Mademoiselle, Mr. Gibbs says, is built about the incident which to him has always seemed the most dramatic and the most picturesque in all the history of the New World. Back of it lie the romance and the pathos of the Huguenot migration—a migration which to an intensely home-loving people was at once an exodus and an exile. Late in September of 1565 two hundred French refugees, commanded by Jean Ribault, surrendered to the Spanish force under Pedro de Aviles, and were by him executed, "not as Frenchmen, but as heretics." The report of this massacre, which found its way back to France, excited intense anger among the people, but won no interest with the French King, Charles the Ninth. It was reserved for Dominic de Gourgues, a private gentleman, to fit out, at his own expense, a little band which, seeking out and overwhelming De Aviles and his Spanish by sheer intensity of purpose, should give to them in bitter retribution the death they had given to his compatriots, "not as to Spaniards, but as to traitors, robbers and murderers."

The incident does not need strengthening; Mr. Gibbs leaves it in its own gaunt simplicity; but it affords a cloudy background of uncertainty for the love affairs of his heroine, Diane de la Notte, a fair Huguenot of gentle birth, and his hero, Sydney Killigrew, an English free sailor enlisted in the Huguenot cause. Diane was luckily a member of that remnant of Ribault's convoy who, remaining at Fort Caroline, though captured, yet escaped massacre and lived to see an obscure French gentleman and an unknown English free sailor wipe out the dishonor a King of France would not erase.

It only remains to add that the text is accompanied by Mr. Gibbs' illustrations.

An Apparition for Secretary Hay

It is hard now to think of Secretary Hay as anything but a diplomatist; yet his older friends remember his career as a newspaper editor and dialect poet, and a still smaller number recall him as a "struggling young author," addressing his pen to whatever literary work would help to keep the pot boiling.

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now past middle life, at some time carried his checks in their pockets.

Mr. Hay is one of these. Being unknown to fame when he presented contributions, they appeared anonymously or under any *nom de plume* which would look well in the table of contents; and so most of them cannot now be identified.

But one happened to escape prompt publication, owing to its length. It was a story of love and retribution, in the most approved romantic style of the time. Mr. Leslie drew his check for it, and slipped the manuscript into a pigeonhole to await the right opening. Then he forgot all about it.

Years passed, and Little Breeches came out; its verses were suddenly in everybody's mouth; Mr. Hay became famous in a night.

Mr. Leslie's ear no sooner caught the name of the poet than he dived into the dusty pigeonhole and drew forth the manuscript. Yes! the hair-raising romance was unquestionably by the same man.

The next morning Mr. Hay, on his way downtown, was startled to find the dead walls and bill-boards covered with announcements, in huge type and many colors, that Frank Leslie had procured at large expense a novelette of entrancing interest from the pen of the brilliant poet, Mr. John Hay, author of Little Breeches, and that it would appear in so-and-so on the following Saturday.

In this blazoning of his name in connection with a bit of the work of his ebullient youth, Mr. Hay's maturer mind could hardly find a subject for pride. He lost no time in hunting up Mr. Leslie.

"Well, what's the matter?" demanded the publisher. "You wrote the story, didn't you?"

"I did," answered Mr. Hay.

"And you sold it to me?"

"Certainly."

"Whether the price I paid you for it was large or small is a matter of opinion, and mine's as good as yours. I'm a plain man of business, Mr. Hay."

"So I supposed, Mr. Leslie. For that reason I make bold to ask what you will take to call in those advertisements and sell me back my story."

"More than you can afford to pay—a great deal. No, sir; I know a good thing when I see it, and I don't let it get away."

Mr. Leslie was pleasant-tempered but firm, and there was nothing for his visitor to do but accept the inevitable as gracefully as possible. As Mr. Hay descended the stairs to the street he heard the publisher call after him:

"But I'll tell you what I'll do. Write me another story now, and I'll pay you a bigger price than you will get for a whole boxful of your poems."

But Mr. Hay did not pause to negotiate.

An Absent-Minded Sky Pilot

Mr. Ralph Connor, author of Black Rock and The Sky Pilot, is a hard-working pastor in Winnipeg and has a personality as unique as it is little known. Among his most marked traits are indifference to fame, sympathy with Nature and a lack of a sense of time. When he began his present pastorate his parishioners were repeatedly astonished when he failed to appear at the hour designated for special gatherings. More than once the governing body of church dignitaries was obliged to adjourn without transacting the business of the hour because the brilliant young pastor had become so wrapped in dreams that he had continued his stroll or his canter forgetful of the special meeting and of all else save the wild charm of the rugged scenery and the abstract speculations of the novelist.

Gentle hints and remonstrances from the pillars of the church completely failed to reform the minister and bring him to a realization that time is the essence of earthly appointments.

At last, however, a shrewd parishioner devised a makeshift which has succeeded admirably. He suggested that all appointments be named to the minister as being for a time thirty minutes in advance of the hour actually fixed for the gathering.

Under this arrangement the shepherd generally has time to forget the appointment, remember it, and then enter his appearance before the final moment arrives on which he is to appear before his flock.

He is devotedly loved by his people and particularly by the rough men of the ranches and the mines. These find themselves instantly in touch with the "sky pilot" and are his chosen companions. Mr. Connor is a dashing rider and finds his main recreation in the saddle.

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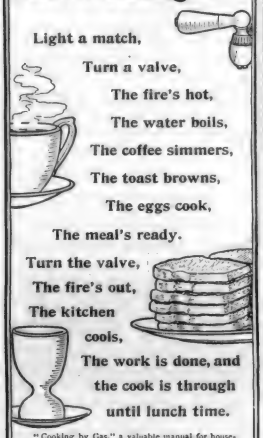

Light a match,
Turn a valve,
The fire's hot,
The water boils,
The coffee simmers,
The toast browns,
The eggs cook,
The meal's ready.
Turn the valve,
The fire's out,
The kitchen cools,
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the cook is through
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Protection for a Fossil Forest

Ages before man made his first appearance upon the earth there flourished a superb forest of gigantic cone-bearing trees on the shores of an inland sea which then overflowed a large part of what is now the State of Arizona. The waters rose, the trees died, and after a while the woody structure of their trunks was replaced by silica, thus converting them into fossils. There they lie to-day, scattered by thousands along the sides of what is now a little valley, half a mile in width, near the town of Holbrook, Arizona, and people call the place Chalcedony Park, or the Petrified Forest.

Some of the trees were as much as 200 feet high, and many of them are well preserved, but none now stand erect where they grew. Most of them have been broken into sections from two to twenty feet long, owing to heat and cold, and sometimes these sections lie in heaps like piles of cartwheels, and there are millions of smaller fragments. But the most remarkable feature of the stone forest is a natural bridge formed by a single tree of agatized wood, spanning a cañon forty-five feet in width.

The hearts of the great logs often contain beautiful quartz crystals, and the agate into which the wood has been converted is so handsome that parts of many of the trees have been taken away, for conversion into objects of art or for the sake of their value as curios. Recently a stop has been put to this by legislative prohibition, but it is thought desirable that the Petrified Forest should be further protected and permanently preserved by setting it aside as a reservation for public purposes, and an effort is now being made in this direction. Thus, it is hoped, will be maintained in perpetuity one of the greatest natural wonders of the world.

In the forest are ruins of several ancient villages, the houses of which were built of logs of the fossil wood. The prehistoric dwellers in that neighborhood not only used the log-sections for building purposes, but employed the wood agate as material for stone hammers, knives and arrow-heads, which were widely distributed by barter, so that they are dug up to-day in ancient burial mounds hundreds of miles away.

Minting Money for Foreigners

An "Insular Dollar" is urgently wanted in the Philippines, where the Mexican dollar is getting so scarce as to interfere with business. If Congress authorizes such a coin, it will resemble the Mexican dollar, will be of the same value, and will be redeemable for fifty cents in gold. Thus it will find its way readily into circulation, and will put the archipelago on a gold basis.

Of course, it will be minted in Philadelphia, where all the out-of-the-way coins that Uncle Sam turns out are made. Our Government stamps many a queer piece of money that nobody in this country ever sees, and the job work of the Quaker City mint includes some odd contracts. For example, last year that institution manufactured 320,000 gold pieces for Costa Rica, the denominations being five colons, ten colons and twenty colons. A colon is 46½ cents.

Uncle Sam advertises to do job work of this kind for any nation that chooses to employ him, but his customers are the minor republics in the Western Hemisphere. He gets all the contracts they have to give out, because he charges only net cost, attending to the business merely for the sake of friendliness. Just what his customers pay him nobody can possibly find out, inasmuch as it is a secret, but such matters are always arranged through the Minister at Washington who represents the foreign country. He speaks to the Secretary of State on the subject, and the latter fixes it with the Secretary of the Treasury.

It costs a great deal of money to build and equip a mint, and a small country finds it much cheaper to get its coins made by a big nation that already owns a plant. Three years ago Costa Rica established a gold basis, and immediately ordered $279,293 worth of ten-colon pieces, following up this order with another for 40,000 twenty-colon pieces. In 1898 it required 20,000 twenty-colon pieces, and still the needs of the little Central American republic for high-standard currency appear to be unsatisfied. Enough of our own gold coin to make the requisite amount of bullion was delivered in each instance at the mint before the job was undertaken.

In 1898 Uncle Sam coined 3,326,714 "silver" pieces for San Domingo, and in 1899 an additional 906,089. These were dollars (pesos), half-dollars, quarters and dimes, and the blank disks ready to be stamped were furnished to the mint by the agent of that Government. To call them silver, however, is rather absurd, inasmuch as they contain only twenty per cent. of that metal, the remainder being copper and nickel. They were good enough for the little republic, very profitable to the Administration that issued them, and are sure never to find their way out of the island, inasmuch as nobody elsewhere would accept them.

Congress authorized the Treasury Department to make coins for foreign nations away back in 1874, and the first work of the kind undertaken by our Government was the manufacture of $100,000 worth of one-cent and two-cent pieces for Venezuela. We ship the silver coins, when finished, in bags packed in boxes, but the gold pieces go in herring casks, being so much heavier. In every case the Government that gives the order must furnish the dies.

American Opals

Some of the finest opals in the world are now being mined in Washington, Oregon and Idaho. In the last-named State some remarkably beautiful specimens have been obtained from a bed of volcanic ashes, near Moscow, and thousands of dollars' worth of the gems have already been taken out. The precious material is supposed to have been deposited by water when the rocks were still hot, and masses of cinder when broken open reveal the stones, many of which are of the quality known as "noble" opal. This kind of opal is whitish, translucent, and shot through with small and brilliant gleams of all the colors of the rainbow.

Gem experts say that the colors described are due to myriads of minute cracks in the body of the stone, the edges of which reflect the light at different angles. Similar tints may be obtained by partially fracturing a chunk of glass with a hammer. Recently a German chemist, by evaporating ether from silica, has obtained beautiful specimens resembling opals and showing all of the exquisite hues.

That opals hardly deserve their unlucky reputation is indicated by the escape of a big jewelry establishment in New York a few years ago from a fire which, while destroying all the rest of the building in which the jewelry establishment was housed, left its quarters and stock untouched—notwithstanding the fact that the firm had on exhibition at the time one of the greatest collections of opals in the world. One of the stones in the collection was the great Hope opal, which is said to have been an ornament of a Persian shrine in the seventeenth century. It is oval in shape, an inch long, and represents the sun, with a full face carved on its surface, the rays being supplied by an antique gold setting.

A certain Senator of ancient Rome named Nonnus had an opal as big as a hazel-nut which Mark Antony coveted; but its owner would not give it up, preferring exile with his treasure. The stone, indeed, was the Kohinoor of those days, though it would not now be valued so highly in all probability.

Spring House-Cleaning

After sickness and during Spring house-cleaning, Platt's Chlorides should be sprinkled freely over the floors and allowed to dry before carpets are relaid. As each board retains some Chlorides, a lasting purifying effect is obtained and the ravages of insects prevented.

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It was considered to be worth a sum which we should now estimate as $800,000, but in that epoch, the art of diamond-cutting being as yet not understood, opals were greatly prized because they were the only stones that refracted light in brilliant colors. Besides, opals were scarce then, whereas nowadays the mines are more actively worked and the production is proportionately greater.

It is said that the opal was not considered unlucky in England until the notion was started there by the publication of Anne of Geierstein. On the contrary, it was believed by the ancients to render its possessor lovable and to bestow the gift of invisibility. To jewelers, however, it is liable to prove unfortunate, for the reason that a fine stone will sometimes split in two while being ground. Owing to their peculiar structure, opals easily crack, and it is not advisable to sit in front of an open fire with a ring containing one of these gems.

Masses of fireless reddish, yellow and brown opal have been found recently at Queretaro, Mexico. Not long ago this material could be bought for a small price by the ounce, but now it is cut into gems and sold for several dollars a carat. Being very soft—less hard, in fact, than ordinary glass—it does not stand wear very well.

Making Boomerangs in America

Incidentally to experiments which have for their object the creation of a flying-machine, Secretary S. P. Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, has had a few scientific boomerangs made. Unlike the Australian weapons so named, they are formed on strictly mathematical principles, and the result is that they operate with a precision wholly beyond the best possibilities of the crude aboriginal instruments which they imitate. They return with certainty to the thrower, though, as might be supposed, some skill and practice are required to handle them successfully, and interesting trials have been made with them in the open grounds about the National Museum in Washington.

The National Museum owns a number of Australian boomerangs, and crude enough most of them are—hardly more than mere bent clubs really, so that it is a wonder how any black savage of the bush could manipulate them satisfactorily in the traditional way.

Travelers' stories have doubtless exaggerated the capabilities of the primitive boomerang, though there can be no question but that the accounts given of it have a substantial basis in fact.

The weapon is an Australian invention, found nowhere else in the world; the natives of the island continent have used it for centuries, and it may be presumed that exceptional specimens exhibit the returning power fairly well.

This power is due to a principle obvious in physics, and the mathematically ideal boomerang is easily made. Anybody can make one for himself by cutting out from a thin plank of hard wood a strip two inches and a half wide and two and a half feet long, so shaped in the horizontal as to form a very obtuse angle—say half way between a right angle and a straight line.

But instead of a sharp angle there should be a graceful curve in the middle of the flat stick, which must be shaved down to the least possible thickness compatible with stiffness and made sharp at the edges all along its length.

A flat, curved stick of this pattern, when properly thrown from the hand and aimed slightly upward, will describe a graceful trajectory and, after traveling for a considerable distance, will return to the feet of the thrower. Indeed, when learning the art he will do well to look out lest it hit him on the head. The knack consists in discharging the missile in such a manner as to cause it to revolve in its own plane, just as a boy skims a flat stone through the air. It comes back simply because it is easier for it to slide "homeward" through the supporting medium than it would be for it to "keel over" into another plane and fall in another direction.

Scraps of cardboard flicked from a thumb-nail will exhibit the same phenomenon, and will return promptly to the sender, as the motion depends upon exactly the same principle as that of the boomerang.

Secretary Langley has found the boomerang interesting as illustrative of the sustaining power of the atmosphere upon which he depends for the success of his "aërodrome," or air-runner—a type of flying-machine which is upheld by great wings while traveling with exceeding swiftness.

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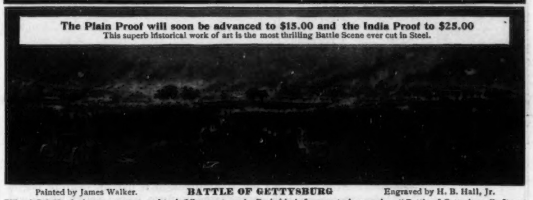

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(Concluded from Page 15)

Doctor Vincent. Meantime Mr. Jacobs became firmly impressed with the idea that there is "union in strength" in the study of a Sunday-School lesson as well as in politics, war or business. His views were not shared by either Doctor Eggleston or Doctor Vincent, but the young business man went straight ahead, and in 1871 was appointed a member of a committee to lay out an experimental series of "uniform" lessons.

Owing to exigencies of travel it was necessary for the committee to select the entire series of forty-eight lessons in a single day or else reassemble the week following.

"It is now or never!" was the comment of Doctor Vincent. To this Mr. Jacobs replied:

"Well; you cannot pick out a series of forty-eight lessons so poor as not to justify the wisdom of the plan."

It was therefore agreed that Doctor Vincent, Doctor Eggleston and Doctor McCook should act for the entire committee and formulate the series of lessons while the other members of the committee who could not well remain went to their homes. Mr. Jacobs was one of these, and on returning to New York the following week he was astonished to learn that the sub-committee, instead of preparing the lessons, had "agreed to disagree" and had adjourned without day. This thoroughly aroused the Chicagoan, who took the position that as the committee was appointed for the express purpose of blocking out a series of forty-eight Sunday-School lessons, it had no power to adjourn without performing the task which had been imposed upon it by the convention of twenty-nine publishers of religious literature from which its authority was derived. He hurried about the city and gathered his forces with haste and decision. His triumph was complete, and to his plucky battle against the doubts and fears of his fellow-committeemen is due the definite beginning of the uniform lesson series which was adopted by the great Sunday-School convention held at Indianapolis in the following year, 1872.

There have been thirty-seven meetings of the American Lesson Committee, these general gatherings being divided into more than seventy-five sessions. Mr. B. F. Jacobs has been a member of all the lesson committees from the origin of the movement, and is the only member of the present committee who took part in the deliberations of the session which formulated the first uniform series of lessons.

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It is impossible even to name the distinguished men who have been members of this great editorial council. It has included the most brilliant preachers and students of all denominations of the Evangelical Christian Church. While an atmosphere of seriousness has been characteristic of its meetings, these deliberations have been relieved by flashes of humor and by unique incidents brought out by the contact of men of keen minds and rare talents. There was no member of this little parliament who was ever more unfailingly relied upon to lighten its labors with words which brought a smile to every face than the great Dr. John Hall.

On one occasion a long discussion had been carried on in regard to the advisability of beginning a series of lessons in the middle of the New Testament. Doctor Hall had remained silent, but when the last speaker had concluded he remarked, in his most serious tone:

"Brethren, I hope you'll not do it! If you do this the whole thing will be laid at my door, for the public will say that none but an Irishman would begin a book in the middle—and I'm the only Irishman on the committee!"

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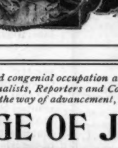

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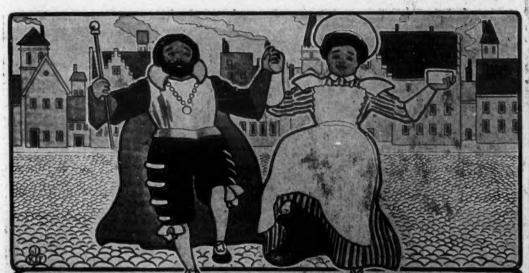

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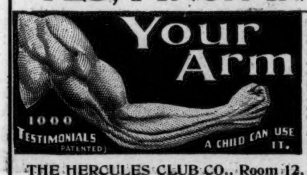

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